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NOW.

Arise, for the day is passing
While you are dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from the dream of the future,
Or gaining a hard-fought field,
Or storming the airy fortress,
Or wielding the giant to yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may),
But your arm will never be stronger
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detains you,
The sunshine and storms forget,
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away.
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing,
The sound that you dimly hear
Is your enemy marching to battle—
Rise! Rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of coming battle
You will waken and find it past.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George B. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK II.

V.

SIGISMOND PLANUS TREMBLES FOR HIS CASH.

"A carriage, my friend Chorche? A carriage for me? And why?"

"I assure you, my dear Risler, that it is indispensable for you. Every day our relations, our affairs extend; the coupe no longer suffices us. Besides, it is not proper to see one of the partners in a carriage and the other on foot. Believe me, it is a necessary expense, and will rightly go into the general costs of the house. Come, resign yourself."

It was a true resignation.

It seemed to Risler that he was stealing something in paying for this unheard-of luxury of a carriage; however, before the persistence of George, he finished by yielding, thinking, to himself:

"'Tis Sidonie who will be happy!"

The poor man did not suspect that a month back Sidonie had herself selected at Binder's the coupe which George Fromont wished to offer her, and that it was passed professedly to the general cost account not to frighten the husband.

He was so well the being destined to allow himself to be deceived all his life, this good Risler. His native honesty, that confidence in men and things which made the foundation of his calm nature had doubled for some time past from the liquietude which had come to him from the pursuit of that Risler printing-press destined to revolutionize the wall paper business, and which, in his eyes, represented his contribution to the firm. Come out from his plans, from his little work-room on the first flat, he had constantly the absorbed look of people who have their lives on one side and their preoccupations on another. Therefore, what happiness for him to find on returning to his apartments his household quiet, his wife in good humor, always bedecked and smiling. Without explaining to himself the reason of this change, he bore witness that for some time past the "little one" was no longer the same in respect to him. Now she permitted him to resume his old habits: the pipe at the dessert, the little nap after dinner, the rendezvous at the brewery with Messieurs Chebe and Debobelle. Their apartments also were transformed, embellished. From day to day comfort gave place to luxury there. From those simple inventions of flowery jardinieres, of the red salon, Sidonie arrived at fashionable refinements, at manias for antique furniture and rare pottery. Her chamber was hung with delicate blue silk, arranged like a jewel box. A grand piano by a celebrated maker stretched out in the salon in place of the old one, and it was no longer twice a week, but every day, that was seen to appear her instructress in singing, Madame Dobson, a romance rolled up in her hand.

Of a type singular enough was this young woman of American origin, whose hair of a sharp blonde, like the pulp of a lemon, wandered over a rebellious forehead and eyes of a metallic blue. Her husband preventing her from performing at the theatre, she gave lessons and sang in some shopkeepers' salons. By dint of living in this sham world of melodies for the voice and the piano, she had contracted a species of sentimental exasperation.

She was romance itself. In her mouth, the words "love, passion" seemed to have eighty syllables, she spoke them with such expression. Oh, the expression! That was what Mistress Dobson placed before everything, and what she strove vainly to communicate to her pupil.

OUT OF WORK.

It was then the flood tide of that "Ay Chiquita" over which Paris went mad for entire seasons. Sidonie studied it conscientiously, and all the morning she was heard singing:

"On dit que tu te maries,
Tu sais que j'en puis mourir—"

"Mour—i—i—ir!" interrupted the expressive Madame Dobson, languishing upon the ebony of the piano; and she died in effect, raised to the ceiling her light eyes, threw back her head passionately. Sidonie could never reach that point. Her wicked eyes, her lips bubbling over with life were not made for these sentimentalities of the Æolian harp. The refrains of Offenbach or of Herve, full of unexpected notes, which are aided by gestures, a twist of the head, or a shake of the hips, would have much better suited her; but she did not dare avow it to her sentimental teacher. For the rest, although she had sung much at Mademoiselle Le Mire's her voice was still fresh and pretty enough.

Deprived of relations, she came little by little to make a friend of her singing teacher. She kept her to breakfast, took her out with her in the new coupe, made her assist in the purchases, the selection of toilets and jewels. The sentimental and compassionate tone of Madame Dobson invited confidences. Her continual complaints seemed to wish to draw out others. Sidonie spoke to her of George, of their love, extenuating her fault by a recital of the cruelty of her parents who had married her by force to a rich man and one very much older than she. Madame Dobson at once showed herself disposed to aid them; not that she was venal, but this little woman had a passion for passion, a taste for romantic intrigues. Unhappy in her household, married to a dentist who beat her, all husbands, for her, were monsters, and the poor Risler above all had for her the effect of a terrible tyrant whom his wife had the right to hate and to deceive.

She was an active confidante and of great utility. Two or three times a week she brought tickets for the opera, the Italiens, or some one of those little successful theatres which, during a season, make all Paris traverse Paris. In the eyes of Risler, the places came from Madame Dobson; she could have as many of them as she wanted in the musical theatres. The unfortunate man did not suspect that the cheapest of these boxes fr a fashionable "first night" had often cost his partner ten or fifteen louis. It was truly too easy to deceive a husband like him. His inexhaustible credulity tranquilly accepted every lie; and, besides, he knew nothing of that sham world in which his wife had already begun to be known. Never did he accompany her. The few times, at the commencement of their married life, that he had taken her to the theatre, he had ignominiously fallen asleep, too simple to trouble himself about the public, and of a mind too dull to interest himself in the play. Therefore he was infinitely content for Madame Dobson to supply his place beside Sidonie. She filled it with such good grace.

In the evening, when his wife departed, always splendidly dressed, he regarded her with admiration, without suspecting the sums her toilets cost, or above all who paid for them, and, free from every suspicion, he awaited her at the corner of the fire, designing, happy in saying to himself:

"How she must be amused!"

On the flat below, in the apartments of the Fromonts, the same comedy was played, but with a reversing of the roles. There it was the wife who kept the corner of the fire. Every evening, a half-hour after the departure of Sidonie, the great portal opened for the Fromont coupe, carrying Monsieur to his club. What would you have? There are commercial exigences. It was a club, around a card table, where great affairs were hatched, and it was necessary to go there for fear the firm might suffer otherwise. Claire believed this innocently. Her husband gone, she had first a moment of sadness. She would have so much loved to keep him near her or to go out on his arm, to take pleasure in common. But the sight of the infant, who chirped before the fire and kicked her little rosy feet whilst she was being undressed, very quickly calmed the mother. Then the great word "business," that state reasons of merchants, was always there to aid her in resigning herself.

George and Sidonie met at the theatre. That which they experienced at first on finding themselves together, was a satisfaction of vanity. They were much looked at. She was truly pretty now, and her irregular features, which had need of all the eccentricities of fashion to produce their full effect, appropriated them so well they might be said to have been invented expressly for them. After a few moments they went away, and Madame Dobson remained alone in the box. They had hired a little apartment in the Avenue Gabriel, at the rond-point of the Champs-Elysees,—the dream of these demoiselles at the Le Mire workroom,—two rooms luxurious and quiet in which the silence of the rich quarters, broken only by rolling carriages, enveloped their love deliciously. Little by little, when she had become habituated to her fault, there came to her audacious-ness, fantasies. From her old days of toil, she had kept deep in her memory the names of balls, of famous restaurants, to which she was at present curious to go, the same as she took pleasure in making open for her the folding-doors of the great makers of whom all her life she had known only the signs. For it was that above all that she sought for in this amour, a revenge upon the sorrows, the humiliations of her youth. Nothing amused her, for example, on returning from the theatre or from a night promenade in the Bois, like a supper at the Cafe Anglais, with the noise of luxurious vice around her. From these continual excursions she brought back fashions of talking, of bearing, doubtful refrains, styles of dress, which made pass in the shop-keeping atmosphere of the ancient house of commerce the silhouette exact and extravagant of the Paris cocotte of that time.

At the manufactory, they began to suspect something. The wives of the working people, even the poorest, are so quick to examine a toilet! When Madame Risler went out, towards three o'clock, fifty pairs of envious and sharp eyes, in ambush at the windows of the polishing work-shops, watched her passing, seeing even to the bottom of her culpable conscience through her dolman of black velvet and her cuirasse of sparkling jet.

Without her knowledge, all the secrets of that little foolish head flew around her like the ribbons which floated upon her uncovered neck; and her feet, superbly encased in their gilded, ten-button boots, told in walking of all sorts of clandestine trips, the stairways covered with carpet that they passed over in the night to go to supper, and the warm furs in which they were enveloped when the coupe made the tour of the lake in the black shadow of the reflectors.

The workwomen sneered, whispered: "But look now at that Tata Belbelle! What a style of dress to go out in! It is very certain that it is not to go to mass that she rigs herself up like that! And think that it is not yet three years since she started for the work-room every morning in her waterproof and with two sous' worth of hot chestnuts in her pockets to keep her fingers warm! Now she rolls in her carriage!" And in the dust of tale, in the roaring of the furnaces always red summer and winter, more than one poor girl thought of the freaks of chance transforming of a sudden the existence of a woman, and fell to dreaming of a future vaguely magnificent which awaited perhaps her also without her suspecting it.

For everybody, Risler was a deceived husband. At the impression-room, two drawers—faithful habitues of the Folies-Dramatiques—declared that they had seen Madame Risler at their theatre, many times, accompanied by some citizen who hid himself in the back part of the box. Pere Achille also recounted astonishing things. That Sidonie had a lover, that he had even many lovers, nobody doubted. Only no one had yet thought of Fromont Jeune.

However she did not exercise any prudence in her relations with him. On the contrary she seemed to throw into them a kind of ostentation; 'twas just that perhaps which saved them. Many times upon the steps she had impudently spoken to him to agree upon the rendezvous for the evening. Many times she had been pleased to make him tremble by talking to him openly before everybody. The first grisette ever, George was flattered by this audacity which he attributed to excess of passion. He deceived himself.

What she wished, without fully avowing it herself, was that Claire should perceive them, that she should half open the curtains of her window, that she should have a suspicion of what was taking place. She wanted that to be completely happy: the inquietude of her rival. But she had a clear road. Claire Fromont saw nothing, and lived like Risler in an imperturbable serenity.

Only the old cashier Sigismond was truly disturbed. And yet it was not of Sidonie he thought, when his pen over his ear he passed a moment in his accounts, his eyes fixed across his screen upon the damp soil of the little garden. He only thought of his employer, of M. Charche, who now drew a great deal of money from the safe for his current expenses, and confused all his books. Each time it was a new pretext. He came to the wicket with a jaunty air:

"Have you a little change, my good Planus? I was again a loser at cards yesterday evening, and I do not want to send to the bank for so small a sum."

Sigismond Planus opened his safe regretfully to get the amount demanded, and he recalled with fright a certain day when George, who was then only twenty years old, had confessed to his uncle some thousand francs of gaming debts. At once the good man took a prejudice against the club and despised all its members. A rich merchant who belonged to it having come one day to the manufactory, he said to him with his rude frankness:

"The devil take your Chateau d' Eau club. In two months M. George has left there more than thirty thousand francs."

The other burst out laughing!

"But you deceive yourself, Pere Planus—for at least three months we have not seen your employer."

The cashier did not insist; but in his mind a terrible thought installed itself, which he turned over all day.

Since George did not go to the club, where did he pass his evenings? Where did he spend so much money?

Evidently there was a woman at the bottom of it.

From the time that this idea came to him, Sigismond Planus began to tremble nervously for his cash. This old bear of the Canton of Berne, having remained a bachelor all his life, had a terrible fear of women in general and Parisiennes in particular. Before all, to satisfy his conscience, he thought it his duty to put Risler on his guard. He did it at first in a manner somewhat vague!

"M. George spends much money," said he to him one day.

Risler was not astonished at it.

"What would you have me do about it, my old Sigismond? 'Tis his right!"

And the good fellow thought what he said. In his eyes, Fromont Jeune was the absolute master of the house. It would have been handsome, truly, for him to permit himself to make observations, him, Risler, a former designer! The cashier did not dare to speak further until one day when a bill of six thousand francs for a cashmere was presented to him from a great shawl house.

He sought out George in his office.

"Shall I pay it, Monsieur?"

George Fromont was a little frightened. Sidonie had forgotten to notify him of this new purchase; she did as she pleased with him now.

"Pay it, pay it, Pere Planus," said he, terribly embarrassed, and he added: "You may charge it to my account. 'Tis a commission with which I was entrusted!"

That evening, the cashier Sigismond, whilst lighting his little lamp, saw Risler walking across the garden and tapped upon the window pane to summon him.

"'Tis a woman," said he to him in a whisper. "Now I have proof of it!"

In pronouncing that terrible word "woman," his voice shook with fear, lost in the loud noises of the manufactory. The tumult of the surrounding labor appeared sinister at that moment to the unhappy cashier. It seemed to him that all the machines in motion, the immense chimney throwing out its steam in clouds, the bustle of the workmen at their various tasks, all that roared, agitated itself, fatigued itself, for a little mysterious being clad in velvet, decked with jewels.

Risler laughed at him and would not believe it. He had known for years that mania of his compatriot for seeing in everything the pernicious influence of woman. However the words of Planus sometimes came back to his mind, especially in the evening, in his moments of solitude, when Sidonie, departing for the theatre with Madame Dobson, went out after all the confusion of dressing, leaving the apartment very empty as soon as her long train had passed the threshold. Wax candles burned before the mirrors; small toilet articles scattered, abandoned, spoke of extravagant caprices and large expenditures. Risler saw nothing of all this, only, when the heard George's carriage roll in the court-yard, he experienced something like a sensation of uneasiness and distress at the thought that on the flat below Madame Fromont passed her evenings all alone. Poor woman! If what Planus had said should be true—if George had a household in the city—oh, that would be frightful!

Then, instead of going to work, he went down stairs softly to ask if Madame was visible, and believed it his duty to keep her company.

The infant had already been put to bed; but the little cap, the blue shoes fingered yet before the fire with a few playthings. Claire read or worked, having beside her her silent mother, always in train to scour, to dust feverishly, exhausting herself in breathing upon the case of her watch, and ten times together, with that infatuation of incipient maniac, putting back the same object in the same place, with a little nervous gesture. The good Risler was not a very cheering companion; but that did not prevent the young wife from receiving him with kindness. She knew all that was said about Sidonie in the manufactory; and though she only believed half of it, the sight of this poor man, whom his wife abandoned so frequently, made her sad. A reciprocal pity made the foundation of these tranquil relations, and nothing was more touching than these two forsaken ones lamenting mutually and striving to divert each other.

Seated at the small, well-lighted table in the centre of the salon, Risler felt himself little by little worked upon by the heat of the apartment, the harmony of surrounding things. He recognized there furniture that he had known for twenty years, the portrait of his old employer, and his dear Madame "Chorche," bent near him over some delicate sewing-work, appeared to him younger and more amiable still among all these ancient souvenirs. From time to time she arose and looked at the infant asleep in a side chamber and the light breathing of whom was heard in the intervals of silence. Without knowing why, Risler found himself better satisfied, warmer than in his own apartments; for on certain days his pretty dwelling-place, which was thrown open at all hours for precipitate departures or returns, had for him the effect of a hall without either doors or windows, abandoned to

the four winds. There they encamped; here they lived. A careful hand spread order and elegance everywhere. The chairs in a circle had the air of chatting among themselves in low voices, the fire burned with a charming crackle, and the little rug of Mademoiselle Fromont had kept in all its knots of blue ribbons soft smiles and infantile looks.

Then, whilst Claire thought that so excellent a man deserved another companion in life, Risler, seeing her calm and beautiful face turned towards him, her indulgent and heavenly eyes, asked himself for what jade George Fromont forsook so adorable a wife!

VI.

THE INVENTORY.

The house which the old Planus inhabited at Montrouge adjoined that in which the Chebes had lived for some time. It was the same single flat built upon a ground floor apartment with three windows, the same little garden with arbor work, the same borders of green box-bushes. The old cashier dwelt there with his sister. He took the first omnibus which left the station in the morning, returned at dinner-time, and on Sunday remained at home to take care of his flowers and his chickens. The old maid did the house-work, the cooking, all the sewing of the house. Never was there a happier couple.

Both unwedded, they were united by the same hatred of marriage. The sister abhorred all the men, the brother detested all the women; with this they adored each other, each considering the other as an exception to the general perversity of the sexes.

In speaking of him, she said always: "Monsieur Planus, my brother!" and he with the same affectionate solemnity put in: "Mademoiselle Planus, my sister!" in the midst of all the commotion of these two beings, timid and innocent, Paris, which they knew nothing of, though daily traversing it, was a haunt of monsters of both sexes occupied in doing the most evil possible, and whenever a conjugal drama, some gossip of the quarter came to their ears, each, according to his or her idea, accused a different culprit.

"'Tis the husband's fault," said Mademoiselle Planus, my sister.

"'Tis the wife's fault," responded M. Planus, my brother.

"Oh, the men!"

"Oh, the women!"

And this was their eternal subject of discussion, in those rare hours of idleness which the old Sigismond reserved for himself in his day as filled up and well-regulated as his cash-books. For some time past especially the brother and sister had brought into their debates an extraordinary animation. What a change was in the manufactory greatly preoccupied them. The sister grew compassionate for Madame Fromont Jeune, and considered the conduct of her husband altogether contemptible; as to Sigismond, he could not find words bitter enough against the brazen-faced unknown who had sent to the counting-room to be paid bills of six thousand francs for cashmere shawls. For him, the matter concerned the glory and the honor of that old house which he had served from his youth.

"What is going to become of us?" said he continually. "Oh, the women!"

One day, Mademoiselle Planus was knitting beside the fire, waiting for her brother.

The cover had been laid for a half hour, and the old maid began to grow uneasy at the long delay, when Sigismond entered, his face disturbed, though not speaking a word, which was contrary to all his habits.

He waited until the door was tightly closed, then, before the interrogative and troubled look of his sister:

"I have news," said he in a low voice. "I know who is the woman who is in train to ruin us!"

In a still lower tone, after a look around at the mute furniture of their little room, he pronounced a single name, so unexpected that Mademoiselle Planus made him repeat it twice.

"Is it possible?"

"It is true!"

And despite his chagrin he had almost an air of triumph.

The old maid could not believe it. A person so well brought up, so polite, who had received her with so much cordiality! How was it supposable?

Sigismond Planus said: "I have proof."

Then, he related that Vere Achille, one evening at eleven o'clock, had met George and Sidonie at the moment they were entering a little furnished hotel of the Montmartre quarter. And that man did not lie. He had known him long. Besides, others also had met them. At the manufactory they talked of nothing else. Risler alone did not suspect anything.

"But 'tis your duty to inform him," declared Mademoiselle Planus.

The cashier looked grave.

"'Tis very delicate. Who knows in the first place if he would believe me? There are blind people so blind. And then, in putting myself between the two partners, I risk losing my place. Oh, the women, the women! Think that this Risler could have been so happy. When I caused him to come to his country with his brother, he had not a sou; and to-day he is at the head of one of the first houses of Paris. You believe that he will be calm! Ah, well, yes! Monsieur must marry—as if there was need of another woman again, he espouses a Parisienne, one of those little, ill-combed gewgaws who are the ruin of an honest house, when he had near at hand a fine maiden nearly his own age, a fellow-countrywoman, used to toil, and finely shaped, one might say!"

Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, to whose shape he made allusion, had a superb occasion to cry out: "Oh, the men, the men!" but she kept silent. This was a very delicate question, and perhaps, in fact, if Risler had wished at that time, he had been the only one.

The old Sigismond continued:

"And see where we are. For three months, the first manufactory of wall-papers in Paris had been long to the flourees of that vaulting, one ought to see how the money goes. All day I do nothing but open my wicket before the demands of M. George. It is always to me that he addresses himself, because all his banker's art would be too much noticed, whilst in the counting-room the money comes, goes, enters, departs. But look out for the inventory! Their accounts will be pretty at the close of the year. The strangest thing is that Risler Aine wishes to bear nothing. I have warned him many times: 'Take care, M. George is making a fool of himself for that woman.' Either he goes away shrugging his shoulders, or he answers me that that does not concern him and that Fromont Jeune is the master. Truly, it would seem as if I would interest—"

The cashier did not finish his phrase, but his silence was full of dissimulated thoughts.

The old maid was in consternation; but like the majority of women under similar circumstances, instead of searching for a remedy for the evil, she wandered off into a crowd of regrets, of supposititous, of retrospective lamentations. What a misfortune not to have known this sooner, when they had the Chebes yet for neighbors. Madame Chebe was so honorable a person. They might have come to an understanding with her that she might have watched Sidonie, that she might have talked to her seriously, for in the words, 'tis an idea," interrupted Sigismond. "You shall go to the Rue du Mail to warn the parents. I had at first thought of writing to Frantz. He has always had much influence with his brother, and he alone of all the world could tell him of certain things. But Frantz is so far away. And then it would be so terrible to come from him. That unfortunate Risler fills me with pity all the same. No, the best course is to notify Madame Chebe! Will you charge yourself with it, my sister?"

The commission was dangerous. Mademoiselle Planus made some objections; but she had never known how to resist the wishes of her brother, and the desire of being useful to their old friend Risler finally decided her.

Thanks to the good nature of his son-in-law, M. Chebe had arrived at the realization of his new fantasy. For three months he had dwelt in his famous store in the Rue du Mail, and what an astonishment for the quarter was this shop without goods, the shutters of which were opened in the morning to be closed at night, like the wholesale houses. There had been put in shelves all around, a new counter, a safe with secret drawers, great scales. In short, M. Chebe possessed all the elements of any trade, without knowing exactly yet which one he would choose.

He thought it over all the day as he walked backwards and forwards across the place encumbered with many large pieces of merchandise or furniture which could not be put into the back-shop; he thought it over also upon the threshold of his door, when standing straight, a pen over his ear, the little man plunged with delight into the clatter of Parisian commerce. The clerks who passed by, their collection books under their arms, the post-office carts, the omnibuses, the street-porters, the wheelbarrows, the great inhabitants of the neighborhood at the neighboring doors, those packages of goods, of trimmings, which grazed the mud of the gutter before entering the sub-cellars, those black caves crammed with wealth, where the fortune of the houses is in the germ, all that ravished M. Chebe.

He amused himself by guessing at the contents of the bales, was the first at the brawls when a passer was struck on the foot by some package, or when the horses of a cart, impatient and unruly, threw the vehicle sideways in the street making it an obstacle to all circulation. He had besides the thousand amusements of the little shop-keeper without customers, the hard rain, the accidents, the robberies, the disputes.

At the end of the day, M. Chebe confused, stunned, filled with the last cry of others, stretched himself out in his arm-chair, and said to his wife as he mopped his forehead:

"This is the life that I need—the life of activity!"

Madame Chebe smiled slightly, without responding. Broken to all the caprices of her husband, she had settled herself as best she could in a back-shop looking out upon a back court, where she consoled herself in thinking of the former prosperity of her parents, of the fortune of her daughter, and always decently dressed, had already succeeded in winning the respect of the inhabitants and of the neighbors.

She did not ask for more; not to be confounded with the wives of the workmen often less poor than she, to preserve, despite all, a little shop-keeping rank, that was her constant preoccupation; also the out-of-the-way apartment in which she kept herself, and where it grew dark at three o'clock, shone with order and with neatness. During the fitting up of the shop itself up there and became a sofa, an old shawl figured as a table-cover, the chimney served as a pantry, closed by a screen, and upon a furnace, large as a foot-stove, the meals cooked expressly. Calmness was the dream of this poor woman, agitated by all the tergiversations of a troublesome companion.

From the first days of his occupation, M. Chebe had caused to be written in letters a foot high upon the fresh paint of his store front:

COMMISSION—EXPORTATION.

Nothing special was mentioned. His neighbors sold tulle, linen; he was disposed to sell everything, without bringing himself to know just what. How many reasonings that compelled Madame Chebe to listen to, in the evening at the family rendezvous!

"I am not posted in linen; but I will answer for cloth. Only, if I deal in cloth, I will have to travel; for it is from Sedan and from Elbeuf that the best kinds come. As for colored linens, I will not speak of them; they are for the summer. Tulle is impossible; the season is too far advanced."

For the most part he terminated his uncertainty by saying:

"The night will bring counsel—let us retire."

And he ceased talking, to his wife's great satisfaction.

After three or four months of this existence, M. Chebe began to weary. His pains in the head, his numbness returned little by little. The quarter was noisy, unhealthy. Besides business was not good. Nothing did well, neither cloth, nor laces, nothing.

It was at this moment of the new crisis that Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, made her visit to the habitation to Sidonie.

The old maid had said to herself en route: "Use management;" but, like all timid people, she disembarrassed herself of her burden, even upon her entrance, in her first words.

It was a *coup de theatre*. On hearing that her daughter was accused, Madame Chebe arose, thoroughly indignant. Never could she be made to believe a thing like that. Her pure Sidonie was the victim of an infamous calumny.

M. Chebe talked very haughtily, with phrases, tossings of the head, bringing back all to his person, according to his habit. How could they imagine that his child, a demoiselle Chebe, the daughter of an honorable tradesman known to everybody for thirty years, could be capable of——For shame!

Mademoiselle Planus insisted. She would not pass for a gossip, a hawker of bad news. But they had sure proofs. It was no longer a secret for anybody.

"And even if it should be so," cried out M. Chebe furious at this tenacity, "is it for us to trouble ourselves about it? Our daughter is married. She lives far away from her parents. It is for her husband, very much older than she is, to advise her, to lead her. Has he ever thought of that?"

Upon this, the little man set himself to declaiming violently against his son-in-law, that heavy-blooded Swiss who passed his life in his office studying mechanics, refused to accompany his young wife in society, and preferred to everything his old bachelor habits, the pipe, the brewery.

It was a sight to see with what an air of aristocratic disdain M. Chebe pronounced those words: "the brewery." And nevertheless almost every evening he went to meet Risler there, and overwhelmed him with reproaches if he once missed the rendezvous.

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He thought it over all the day as he walked backwards and forwards across the place encumbered with many large pieces of merchandise or furniture which could not be put into the back-shop; he thought it over also upon the threshold of his door, when standing straight, a pen over his ear, the little man plunged with delight into the clatter of Parisian commerce. The clerks who passed by, their collection books under their arms, the post-office carts, the omnibuses, the street-porters, the wheelbarrows, the great inhabitants of the neighborhood at the neighboring doors, those packages of goods, of trimmings, which grazed the mud of the gutter before entering the sub-cellars, those black caves crammed with wealth, where the fortune of the houses is in the germ, all that ravished M. Chebe.

He amused himself by guessing at the contents of the bales, was the first at the brawls when a passer was struck on the foot by some package, or when the horses of a cart, impatient and unruly, threw the vehicle sideways in the street making it an obstacle to all circulation. He had besides the thousand amusements of the little shop-keeper without customers, the hard rain, the accidents, the robberies, the disputes.

At the end of the day, M. Chebe confused, stunned, filled with the last cry of others, stretched himself out in his arm-chair, and said to his wife as he mopped his forehead:

"This is the life that I need—the life of activity!"

Madame Chebe smiled slightly, without responding. Broken to all the caprices of her husband, she had settled herself as best she could in a back-shop looking out upon a back court, where she consoled herself in thinking of the former prosperity of her parents, of the fortune of her daughter, and always decently dressed, had already succeeded in winning the respect of the inhabitants and of the neighbors.

She did not ask for more; not to be confounded with the wives of the workmen often less poor than she, to preserve, despite all, a little shop-keeping rank, that was her constant preoccupation; also the out-of-the-way apartment in which she kept herself, and where it grew dark at three o'clock, shone with order and with neatness. During the fitting up of the shop itself up there and became a sofa, an old shawl figured as a table-cover, the chimney served as a pantry, closed by a screen, and upon a furnace, large as a foot-stove, the meals cooked expressly. Calmness was the dream of this poor woman, agitated by all the tergiversations of a troublesome companion.

From the first days of his occupation, M. Chebe had caused to be written in letters a foot high upon the fresh paint of his store front:

COMMISSION—EXPORTATION.

Nothing special was mentioned. His neighbors sold tulle, linen; he was disposed to sell everything, without bringing himself to know just what. How many reasonings that compelled Madame Chebe to listen to, in the evening at the family rendezvous!

"I am not posted in linen; but I will answer for cloth. Only, if I deal in cloth, I will have to travel; for it is from Sedan and from Elbeuf that the best kinds come. As for colored linens, I will not speak of them; they are for the summer. Tulle is impossible; the season is too far advanced."

For the most part he terminated his uncertainty by saying:

"The night will bring counsel—let us retire."

And he ceased talking, to his wife's great satisfaction.

After three or four months of this existence, M. Chebe began to weary. His pains in the head, his numbness returned little by little. The quarter was noisy, unhealthy. Business was not good. Nothing did well, neither cloth, nor laces, nothing.

It was at this moment of the new crisis that Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, made her visit to the habitation to Sidonie.

The old maid had said to herself en route: "Use management;" but, like all timid people, she disembarrassed herself of her burden, even upon her entrance, in her first words.

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Mademoiselle Planus insisted. She would not pass for a gossip, a hawker of bad news. But they had sure proofs. It was no longer a secret for anybody.

"And even if it should be so," cried out M. Chebe furious at this tenacity, "is it for us to trouble ourselves about it? Our daughter is married. She lives far away from her parents. It is for her husband, very much older than she is, to advise her, to lead her. Has he ever thought of that?"

Upon this, the little man set himself to declaiming violently against his son-in-law, that heavy-blooded Swiss who passed his life in his office studying mechanics, refused to accompany his young wife in society, and preferred to everything his old bachelor habits, the pipe, the brewery.

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REMEMBERED DAYS.

I remember a morn behind the mills,
When blackbirds sang,
And sheep-bells rang,
Far off, and all things else were still,
But the rising beam
In the pictured stream,
And the noise of water about the mill.

I remember a maid in her sweet youth,
Whose gentle days
In village ways
Were passed in simple work of truth;
The summer's day,
Sped fast away
In a dream of love, in a time of youth.

I remember the spring in garb of green,
The light heart glee
That came to me
With the smile of my love at seventeen;
Her laugh that went
Like the woodland scent
To my soul—that time on the daisied green.

And though I know the days are spent,
That love was lost
When came the frost
At summer's close of my content;
Yet some joy stay
In winter days,
And bright its joyous complement.

A DREAM
—OF—
SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Von Deecall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER XIV.

There I stood before Adda, confused and blushing. Her eyes looked brightly up at me, her lips smiled, she extended her little ungloved hand to me in welcome. Her beauty really dazzled me; my head whirled, and I had to gasp for breath. I held her hand mechanically in mine and felt its light pressure, but I was in such a whirlpool of emotion that words failed me.

"Mrs. Blunt." I stammered, bowing low. She smiled still more kindly as she noticed my deep embarrassment and drew me gently into her husband's chair at her side.

"O, Monsieur Wagner," she said, "truly, I am enraptured. This is delightful, that you should come to see me."

She nodded a little greeting to Margot, and speaking French, continued to express her pleasure, to congratulate me on my fine appearance, to overwhelm me with questions and say flattering things to me. I had only the one thought: What a brilliant woman! In this really Adda, the sweet, modest Adda? I was completely dazzled, I had never seen any one like her. Mrs. Blunt must have observed my confusion, and appeared by her friendly chat to help me over it, but I remained speechless. How beautiful! and yet how different had I imagined Adda to myself! There I sat again at her side for the first time in three long years, and my eyes were fixed as if by enchantment on her features. Like a delicate, fragrant wreath, her luxuriant, lightly powdered hair twined in a thousand little curls around her pure, classic face. Her beauty had become more blooming, more perfect. Nothing more beautiful could be seen than the fresh, brilliant complexion, the lovely, delicately rounded arms, the beautiful neck, the shining, white shoulders and the snowy bosom gleaming like marble through the half-concealing tulle. One could dream of nothing more beautiful than the soft, perfect oval of her face, the large lustrous eyes of dark blue, and the curved, rosy mouth. She wore in her hair a knot with a star of diamonds, and the simple blue ribbon and locket encircling her neck, enhanced the delicacy of her skin.

I was completely confused and thrown off guard; instead of regaining composure, of becoming accustomed to the sight of her, my agitation and embarrassment increased with every moment. I sat there like a school boy, with my heart so full that it was like to burst, yet I could do nothing but stare at her.

This awkward behavior seemed by no means to disturb Adda. On the contrary, she only smiled the more kindly, bent over to me the more gayly and said to me the most flattering things. Her eyes shone closely before mine, I felt her breath, her lips, I inhaled her perfume at every inspiration, her curls touched my cheek. Those large, radiant eyes sometimes come so near that my heart ceased to beat. I grew pale, and drops of perspiration stood on my brow. I experienced a nameless pain and distress. I avoided her look.

As I turned my eyes away from the beautiful Adda, I saw Margot sitting opposite, quiet and grave; I saw her pale, lovely face, and her large, true eyes, looking sadly as me. I had felt hitherto with how much care and anxiety she watched me,—a thought struck me; as when a flash of lightning rends a heavy cloud, so a bright ray penetrated my soul. I was as if touched by an electric shock, as if a film was withdrawn from my eyes.

"My God," I murmured. My breast heaved. I breathed long and deeply. I looked at Margot,—trying to smile at her and then I saw her face suddenly brightened, that she smiled in return and blushed,—then all at once, O wonderful, it seemed to me as if the little, wild Margot, with her excited face and shining, precious eyes, stood at my side and whispered: "Do you not perceive that that is the lamb with the little blue ribbon and the bell round its neck. Only see, there is the magician, that old uncle Blunt, who will cause it to disappear—one, two, three! Now he is exhibiting it. Look closely, that is not Adda at all,—she is only bewitched,—that is all delusion!"

I broke out into a convulsive laugh,—I was torn by conflicting emotions. Adda sat at my side and observed nothing of all this, but conversed fluently and kindly, and when I looked again,—what a miracle! —the goddess had disappeared, and where she had just now been enthroned, sat only a beautiful, mortal woman. The enchantment was broken. I saw the powder paid, the rouge, and even observed what irony! —the little dark line below the eyelashes, which made the lovely eyes still more brilliant.

Suddenly I blush, I find her dress as decollete. Distressed, I cast down my eyes. A deep grief came over me, as if I had buried something; the dreams of my youth died away, clouds covered the ideal of my life. Another soul seemed to me to have been breathed into this beautiful body. Another, a stranger, looked at me out of Adda's beautiful eyes!

I was cut to the heart that she could continually talk such conventional, idle chat. She understood nothing of what was passing in me, she manifested no trace of embarrassment towards me; not a single tone of her voice reminded me of that Adda, whom I had so much loved, for whom I had suffered so indescribably. What had become of the purity, the sweet fragrance of this flower once so lovely? "Ah, Adda has no heart, she is like a wave," something said within me. My heart had been in heavy chains for long years, now it seemed as if freed from its fetters and all at once I became myself again and was able to speak, words flowed from my lips; I could tell Adda how great was my joy at seeing her again, how fascinating she looked, how much more brilliant and beautiful than while in Dresden long ago.

Adda held her fan before her heaving snowy bosom, and looked at me smilingly. She coquetted with me—with me! She drew up her little mouth, leaned confidentially nearer to me, whispering in my ear, and bent so far over that her white shoulder touched my arm, a small white line of pearls de rin remained in it. Then she moved her fan quickly and made a heartless little jest about Howard, threw herself back, laughed and gave me an opportunity to admire, in the finest light, the cherry mouth, the pearly teeth and all the real, great God, it was nothing but the beautiful Adda, and it made my heart ache to think that only for this had uncle Blunt trained her. Unconsciously I looked at the old fool.

"*N'est-ce pas qu'elle est belle, qu'elle est charmante! O quelle femme!*" he whispered to me. He watched but for the moment to say this, it was his cue, he was Mr. Blunt, the husband of the beautiful woman, the admired, courted belle Muscovite. Oh, how lamentable, how horrible! Poor little Adda, what has become of you? What have they made of you? A toy, a doll?

I was so confused and distressed, it was so intolerably hot here, the atmosphere was so oppressive that I could bear it no longer; the odor of the powder, the loud laughter, the incessant talking, these shining eyes and shoulders became insupportable to me. I rose quickly.

"What, you are already going?" Adda exclaimed, cast at me one of her alluring glances, softly and reproachfully tapping my hand with her fan. "Oh, I see, naughty man, you have engagements over there with Margot, but I will not tolerate that, *mon ami*, you have, since ruguishly shook her finger at me) you must not be unfaithful to me; I allow no other gods beside me! *Eh bien*, you will of course come to see us, to-morrow perhaps, every day. Do come! *Au revoir, Monsieur, au revoir!* Here, kiss my hand."

I rushed out, actually running away from Mr. Blunt; all my nerves quivered. I had almost struck down the servant. I stood out through the passage and up the street, bursting into shrill laughter, while the bright tears came into my eyes. I was like a fool. For three years I had fought with windmills, had struggled almost to death, and now!

The people on the Boulevard stared at me, taking me perhaps for a madman. I went into a cafe, hastily drank off a glass of ice water then ascended the stairs again. I entered the box softly and, unobserved by Margot, took a seat behind her. There she sat before me, so simple and unpretending, womanly and lovely; now she turned and looked anxiously at me. I noticed how my sudden reappearance startled her and for a moment our eyes met. Oh, how I blessed this unguarded moment when for the first time the depth of this timid, reserved girl's heart, was revealed to me, when I could see the beautiful, promising pearl that lay therein.

Margot, blushing and growing pale, cast down her eyes. "Well?" she whispered.

"Margot!" She looked up at me shyly and turned quickly around. What a sweet reproof that was in that gentle "Margot, dear Margot!" I whispered in her ear. She sat quite still, looking at the stage.

At this single look it seemed to me as if the sun had suddenly risen large and shining in my soul, as if my child's world till the heavy clouds should disperse, to burst forth warm and revivifying. How I rejoiced, how my heart opened to its rays, how the shadows of night, this anguished darkness, fled away, how the bright day dawned in me.

"Margot, dear, sweet Margot!" She only shook her head gently. I sat still then and looked at her tenderly, softly. Her hair, which was fastened at the back of her head in a single, thick knot, at her little rosy ears, glowing now with inward excitement, at her slender neck, on which her curls rested, at the elegant, flexible figure, the sloping shoulders, the finely formed waist, how beautiful, how graceful, how maidenly and modest was all this, what a joy to look at it, to study every feature, every line. She appeared to feel my gaze. She became restless, but did not turn around.

The curtain fell, the play was ended. Loud applause once more shook the house, then the space was quickly emptied. We remained almost till the last to avoid the crowd. The aunts talked gayly with me about the performance, and Margot stood by with a thick veil before her face. As I assisted Madame Chevalier into the carriage, I heard Margot's soft voice close to my ear: "Please let us drive home alone." She whispered it so timidly that I was obliged to obey. Then I felt the light pressure of her hand, hastily touched her waving veil with my lips without her perceiving it. The carriage rolled away and I walked home in the moonlight.

Whoever saw me on that evening as I went slowly and thoughtfully along, must have considered me intoxicated. I often stopped, laughed softly to myself, muttered various unintelligible words, then staggered on again like a night-reveller. A blind man addressed me, begging: "*Un petit sou, Monsieur, un pauvre aveugle!*" I thrust my hand into my pocket and found nothing, threw my purse into his old hat. But up stairs in my room I sank on my knees and looked long, long up to Heaven in fervent prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

What a failing it is, when one has for years borne a mountain-weight on his heart and suddenly the burden is removed! How blind I had been in my unhappiness! But now all at once I saw. Now suddenly occurred to me all the little indications, many an inward struggle, which I had overlooked in my blindness. I had pursued the fleeting, shining wave without seeing the haven, and when the former had eluded my grasp, the happiness of my life had not been stranded, had not suffered shipwreck—then Margot's soft eyes had drawn me into the haven of her true love—Heaven opened before the deluded one.

Dear little Margot, thou fragrant, lovely flower in the path of my life, I had almost crushed thee, so wildly and blindly did I run after the glittering butterfly! What hast thou not already suffered for my sake! But, thank God, I recovered my sight before it was too late. Now all will be well. Margot, what can I say to thee? That I was a blind fool? Will thou forgive me, wilt thou take me to thy kindly heart? Yes, I knowthou wilt, for thou lovest me! Then I began to consider, to reckon. I had a small fortune; I had strived for and gained much in the last year; but the fruits of my studies must first come to maturity, the real harvest was yet to come. Although I had now no definite position in life, yet the whole world stood open to me and I possessed enough for a beginning. I had the villa in Loschwitz and a few thousands, the reward of my labors—if Margot was willing, we certainly could, for a time at least, though modestly, live upon our means. We should have a home in our villa, we would sit in our garden and gather our grapes and plums. How delightfully we could live together there, enjoying our evenings upon the pretty terrace and looking out upon the lovely landscape, ringed round with the golden setting sun. Thus I dreamed and at last fell asleep.

Early the next morning Mr. Blunt called upon me. Fortunately I had seen him as he came tripping up the street and bade my servant say, "Not at home." I tried to work—it was impossible—I rushed out into the open air and soon found myself before Margot's door. It was early yet, the maid refused to announce me, but I would not allow her to do so. I went to the salon, knocked lightly at the door and opened it. The room was empty. I looked into the next. There was no one to be seen. Another door, which led into the music-room, stood half-open and on looking in I perceived Margot, still in her morning dress, sitting on a sofa, apparently deeply lost in thought, with one hand covering her eyes, the other resting in her lap. I watched her for some moments, my heart throbbing with love and tenderness, then I went softly, cautiously over the carpet, knelt before her and kissed her hand.

She was startled and blushed, then I saw her eyes beam warmly and happily and drop in sweet confusion. "*O mon Dieu!*" she stammered, trembling, "how you frightened me!" and she sighed deeply.

"Margot," I exclaimed joyfully, "my own dear Margot!" and springing up, I drew her again to her seat. "Oh, do not drive me away, look at me kindly, tell me that you love me, that you will be my dear little bride, as you once promised!"

She looked at me, smiling through her tears, but in a second mischief shone out behind her long, dark moist eyelashes. I felt how infinitely I loved this beautiful, charming girl. I kissed the tears from her hot cheeks, kissed her eyes, her hands, she let me do everything.

"See, Margot," I continued, "I am so poor, I come to you like a beggar, a poor, miserable, wounded man as once before. Will you cure me? Will you give me your love? Will you be mine?"

"Oh Karl!" she exclaimed, taking both my hands (would that I could describe the sweet, tender look that rested so warmly, so happily upon me) "I know that it would happen sometime; that you would at last wake from this bad dream! Poor Karl, how much you have suffered, and how much have I grieved on your account."

We sighed, we laid our head on my shoulder, and I placed my arm protectingly around her, kissing and gently caressing her soft cheek.

"Oh, Margot, what a fool I was! Tell me once more that you love me."

She looked deep into my eyes and said. "When I was still a child, you were kind and good to me. I liked you, Karl. Oh, little girls of fourteen can discriminate. You were wounded, a soldier, a tall, handsome man, with such peculiar, true eyes, and such a dear smile. But what does a man like that care for such young things. You loved the beautiful Adda and did not imagine the pangs of jealousy that raged in my young heart. See, Karl, then I loved you in a childish way, but faithfully and true." (I kissed her sweet mouth, and she blushed still more deeply.)

"No one has since been able to make an impression on this foolish heart, although several have tried to do so, even Howard. Oh, how well I knew then that Adda would be no wife for you, that her beauty would never satisfy you, that she would only make you unhappy. I was so sorry for the poor, doubly wounded officer, that the little tease then resolved to interest herself for him, to think, to act for him—you had no idea, you naughty man, how much I suffered for you."

Here one of her looks met me, in which there was such a mixture of love, sadness and mischief, that I felt as if a fountain of happiness had sprung up in my heart, and I hastily rose and clasped Margot to my breast. She returned my warm kiss, then gently releasing herself, she laid her hand on my shoulder.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An inclination towards still-sitting comfort resides in man: like a great dog, he lets himself be pricked and teased a thousand times rather than take the trouble to jump up in lieu of growling.

The greater part of the goodness at any time in the world is the goodness of common character; the chief part of the good work done must be done by the multitude.

SHOCKING!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The scene is at the Havre depot. The express is about leaving for Paris. The doors of the cars are slammed to by the guards, and off goes the train.

There are three men and three women in a compartment; the former sitting back and the latter front, to escape that black and impalpable dust which is so defiling to the skin. A very pretty Parisian, who is returning home, hesitated a long while before entering there. She wished to select her own place, and is no sooner seated than she opens a novel of Octave Feuillet. She is evidently an *honnete femme*.

Her neighbor is of an imposing aspect; she began by looking in at the door to assure herself that nothing could tarnish the purity of the wings of her daughter; an angel that has not yet flown. The reserved air of the young woman and especially the sight of the *jeune homme pauvre* lying open on her lap reassured her.

An old gentleman, wearing a decoration, has placed himself in the corner, facing the old lady. A young man, dressed in a *complet* of English stuff, is seated next him, and opposite is the young lady. He has the wearied air of a young man who does not desire to see anything, and which at once conveys a good opinion of a traveler.

At the last moment, an Englishman jumped into the compartment, after having first thrown in a carpet bag, which appeared more jaded than himself. He took a seat in front of the young woman. They are more at ease than the others, as they are only two, and occupy room enough for four.

The sight of the Englishman creates a general astonishment. His face and hair are covered with a black clammy dust, and his rose and white-striped shirt is bordered by a dark thread of dirt like the edge of a sheet of mourning paper. With all this, he has red hair, a red beard, yellow complexion and teeth, green eyes and eye glasses on his nose. He has, nevertheless, the appearance of a gentleman—of an Englishman not handsome, but distinguished.

The train dashes along with a stunning velocity, and no one speaks. Heads, arms, and legs, all are jerking about, as in a pitching sea.

At Yvetot, there is a halt of two minutes. Some trunks are tossed out on the quay, and a newspaper vender presents himself at the door with his basket. The young man takes the *Figaro*, the old lady and the *Vie Parisienne*; the young woman the *Figaro* and the *Vie Parisienne*; the old gentleman the *Gazette de France*, and the *Univers*; the old lady the *Union*, and the Englishman a list in fine print.

The train is again in motion; each one tries to read his paper, which also flutters to and fro; these papers resemble sails flapping about in a storm.

The young miss does not read, but when her mother shall have perused the *Union*, she will allow her to read the charges of the bishops, the account of the pilgrimages, and the movements of the Count de Chambord.

Rouen is reached; ten minutes halt. There is a general rush to the *buffet*. One asks for a cup of boiling chocolate which he finds too hot to swallow; another, the wing of a chicken, of which he will only have time enough to see its golden skin. A waiter cries out:

"Lord B——!" A dispatch for Lord B——!" holding up the dispatches at arm's length.

"*Moi*, Lord B——, *je suis*," (*I, Lord B——, I am.*").

The servant hesitates. An Englishman dirty! Improbable! he never saw one. He looks at him: he is verily, nevertheless, an Englishman. He gives him the dispatch.

Lord B—— at first seems delighted, but in paying for the refreshments which he had not time to swallow, he perceives in the mirror, that reflects the disgnon of the dame in black, that cage for such young things. You loved the beautiful Adda and did not imagine the pangs of jealousy that raged in my young heart. See, Karl, then I loved you in a childish way, but faithfully and true." (I kissed her sweet mouth, and she blushed still more deeply.)

"No one has since been able to make an impression on this foolish heart, although several have tried to do so, even Howard. Oh, how well I knew then that Adda would be no wife for you, that her beauty would never satisfy you, that she would only make you unhappy. I was so sorry for the poor, doubly wounded officer, that the little tease then resolved to interest herself for him, to think, to act for him—you had no idea, you naughty man, how much I suffered for you."

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Saturday Evening, January 27, 1877

WHY NOT PULL TOGETHER?

One handle to the levers by which the human machinery is worked is within easy reach. Indeed it is usually unnecessarily and offensively obtruded. Like the handle of the town-pump, whoever will, may seize it, though not as with the town-pump, always for his own benefit. This handle is the motive of self interest. Its connection run through every cog and link of man's being.

The art of managing men depends principally on knowing how to appeal to this part of human nature. The world is yet too young to be greatly moved by higher considerations, and even the highest motives thoroughly analyzed consist with and partake of an enlightened and refined self-interest.

It is surprising that greater advantage has not been taken of this fact, so patent that its statement is a truism, in the relations of employer and employed.

Suppose that every employee from the chief clerk down to the errand boy understood that in addition to the wages for which he is engaged to work, there would be placed to his credit a percentage of the profits of the establishment during the year, provided he remained at his post. He would not only be strongly incited to help increase those profits by zealous performance of duty, and have a constant eye to the interests of the house, but, what is largely important, would have increased respect for himself. Nothing could better tend to increase the *esprit de corps* than such an arrangement, and the employed would also be learning by practice the duties of an employer, and fitting themselves for such advancement.

It is because selfishness has outreached self-interest that the relations between the master and the laborer have become such a fruitful source of trouble to both. Each trying to get the most possible from the other, there must be antagonism and collision. By the means we have indicated the interests of both classes become one, and until by some means this is effected, the labor question will remain a dangerously open one.

This is no mere theory. It has been tried in a few instances by clear-headed men, and its results have fully justified their expectations. Miscellaneous co-operation is and must be a failure. There must be a recognized head or confusion will result, and this plan strengthens the head and gives the greatest possible efficiency to all the subordinates. It ought to become universal.

A YOUNG WORLD

How old is the world?

The answer depends on the kind of measure used.

A certain man being asked his age replied, "If you measure by the almanac, thirty years, if you reckon by the fun I've had, about a hundred and twenty."

So with this world. Measured by the geologist's calculations, we have to go up so far into the *silicons* that it is too fatiguing to attempt it.

Everybody knows how time may be retarded or quickened by one's feelings. How long the hours used to be when we were droning over lessons in the old schoolhouse on the bright spring days, when the birds were inviting us to come out for a lark, when the bullfrogs were patiently waiting to be petted, and the frisky squirrels tantalizingly chattered from the adjoining fence.

But how the hours flew when we chased pleasure through the fields as it soared away on the wings of butterflies.

How soon ten o'clock comes when the young lover is with his adorable.

How a toothache will stretch out the hours of night!

Measured by the fleeting joys that have shed their sunshine on earth, it is young; reckoned by the woes of humanity it is old —too old—ready to be brushed from the universe by the winds of fate like a yellow *eat* in the ripened year.

But the world is the creation of Wisdom, infinite and unerring. It was called into being to express and disclose that Wisdom, and its duration is properly measured by the extent to which it has accomplished that purpose.

If men have learned to exhibit the purpose of existence, if nations are illustrious with embodied truth, if the world, like refined gold, reflects the image of the Master, then is it crowned with ripening years.

Ah! would it were so.

The world is yet an infant.

A STRANGE TALE.

Travelers' tales are proverbial for surprising revelations concerning the lands they have visited. Of late years, however, their stories have usually been nearer the bounds of credibility, for no part of the world is so inaccessible that the account of any strange phenomenon may not speedily be verified if true, and fabrications are soon exposed.

A recent explorer, Rev. George Brown, a Wesleyan missionary, has given currency to a report that will doubtless awaken attention enough to cause its truthfulness to be investigated. He has been visiting the little-known region of New Britain, an island in the South Pacific.

This traveler has not seen for himself, but he learned from the natives on the coast where his observations were made, that in the center of the island is a region named Kali, and that there is found a race of men with tails. He suspected to his informants that they must be monkeys. This was met with shouts of derision. "Can monkeys fight with spears, plant yams and build houses?" asked the people, and as our traveler was compelled to answer in the negative, his conjecture was at once refuted.

If on further investigation this strange tale or tail be found *bona fide*, it will of course prove the missing link needed to complete the chain of Darwin's argument; and the monkeys will have occasion to wonder at the possibilities wrapped up under their hairy skins.

We, however, advise enthusiastic evolutionists not to be too sanguine in the matter, but to wait until Bennett shall have sent a *Herald* commissioner to interview this being on the border line, or until Barnum shall have brought over a specimen which would make a wonderfully attractive tail-piece to his mammoth establishment.

A HAPLESS FATE.

Pity the sorrows of the poor overworked shirk!

Other men have grevious burdens taxing their utmost strength, but they may cast them off at times, or by constant bearing, grow strong enough to carry them with ease.

Not so the shirk. His burden is an inalienable part of himself; he must carry it alone, for none will give him sympathy; its weight ever grows greater, for he gains no strength to lighten it.

The shirk is a moral malformation. His joints turn the wrong way. He walks backward to get ahead, and can only stumble into good fortune.

The whole world is his natural enemy, for all his machinery is contrived for active work. The Spring which wakens all to energy and cheer, has for him only a jeer. Flies prick him with their stings, ants raise up mountains in his path, the winds whistle about him derisively, waves regard him with a contemptuous "swash."

Poor fellow, coming from nonentity, he is yet enveloped with its ooze; death long overlooks him as though its work on him were already done, and when the last trump shall sound, he of all the unnumbered hosts shall still crouch in the burrow of forgetfulness, an eternalized zero.

ANOTHER PRIZE PUZZLE.

The following letters form a correct sentence.

To the subscriber who shall first send us the correct reading before March 1st, we will present "The Works of Charles Dickens in 14 Volumes."

E c E h A r T
c c c c c c c c c

Now then let us see who can "raise the Dickens?"

Mr. Walker, of Augusta, was shot at the other day, and the ball lodged in a plug of tobacco in his pocket. The moral is obvious.—*Ex.* Yes; the moral teaches those addicted to the weed to carry their tobacco in the pocket and not in the mouth.—*Norristown Herald.* Yes, if one choose plug.

MISPRONUNCIATION occasionally gives a comical turn to a sentence; as, for instance, when a woman in the country remarked to the writer, "I suppose there are many strange devil-opements in the city;" we had to confess there were.

DANIEL SCHRUMPH of New York City was sentenced to pay $250 fine and ten days imprisonment, for selling watered milk. Milkmen, you water go into an udder business.

NOTHING will draw a woman out like stepping on her trail. Even if her habit be thoroughly staid she will sometimes rip and tear, and then go home and "darn it all."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A new paper appears with the title "Haddock's Sunshine." Wouldn't "Codfish Lights" be an improvement?

TURKEY and the other European powers are still coquetting preliminary probably to a general engagement.

ANY GOOSE can get up a hiss-tory.

A GREAT PULL-BACK.—The New York *Courier* of last week is dated January 7th 1876, which might easily happen in any office; but when in the same number it says:

"At the Centennial Exhibition grounds in Philadelphia a building is in course of construction to be used solely for an exhibition of newspapers published in the United States and Territories," followed by a full description of the building, it looks like having had a set-back somehow. Perhaps the editor had so good a time here, he wants to begin and go over it all again.

BULALIE

BY CHARLES S. LANSDO.

The lilies droop for Eulalie.
The moon is pale with love,
The sea moans dreaming wearily,
But the angels smile above.

O, memory of her precious soul!
Why come you to deceive?
I know that angels—so merciful,
She never more will live!

Ones I blest the skies for Time.
Thinking it might heal.
But now, when I mourn her shrine,
So cry, and weep and kneel?

T'was years, and years, and years ago,
That she lay down to die.
And yet I will grieve for I know,
Just as it is to-day!

The lilies droop for Eulalie,
The moon is pale with love,
The sea moans dreaming wearily,
But the angels smile above!

DR. MARY BUNN.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

Within, Miss Bunn detailed the patient's symptoms and her own course of treatment. Dr. Benedict asked such questions as occurred to him, and then gave his opinion. It was a serious, but by no means a hopeless case; and he commended highly the treatment she had given it thus far.

Mary Bunn brightened at once. "I am so glad you approve of it," she said impulsively. "I did my best; but it is such a relief to hear you confirm my judgment. And now I hope doctor, that you will be willing to take the case into your own hands."

"Why so? You do not feel yourself unequal to it?"

"It is not so much what I feel as what others think."

"Is it not wiser to continue then? If you like, I will come in and see that things go right."

"You are very kind—very," returned Miss Bunn. "If Mr. and Mrs. Harebell are willing—and if you advise it—I will go on. But you will give me the benefit of your counsance and experience—you really mean it?"

"Certainly. I shall be most happy to aid you in any way." And they talked a little farther, when he bowed and left the room. Mrs. Harebell was anxiously waiting.

"What do you think?" she said, venturing at last to put the direct question. "Will he get up again?" she stopped and looked with imploring eyes into the doctor's face. How often such eyes had sought his own, beseeching for the hope he could not give! But now, at least, the response might be encouraging.

"Get up again? I hope so," he said cordially. "He has had good care from Miss Bunn, and I hope it will carry him through. She has done all that any one could do, Mrs. Harebell, and you may trust to her. However, I shall look in tomorrow."

Mary Bunn was of a sensitive, timid temperament, and no one but herself knew how grateful she felt to Dr. Benedict, or what a pleasant impression his interview with her had left. She had imagined he would treat her slightingly, perhaps with contempt; but the event had proved directly the reverse.

As to the doctor himself, he had liked her amazingly, and carried away of her just as favorable an impression. He liked her modest, sensible demeanor; he trusted her clear, intelligent face. Miss Keturah demanded all particulars when he got home.

"Just imagine it!" she exclaimed, after listening to him, greatly scandalized. "Such airs! A regular consultation, just as if it had been Dr. Murdoch and Dr. Thomas! It was quite beneath you, John. Did she seem as if she knew anything?"

"Yes. She appeared to know as much as young medical men do."

"The idea! what sort of looking person is she, John?"

"Really Keturah, I can't tell you. Rather good-looking, I think. But you know I don't profess to be a judge."

"I must say you could not tell whether she wears her hair as a woman ought, or short, like yours. You never do notice anything of that kind."

Dr. Benedict smiled. "Oh, not short, certainly."

"And what color is it?"

"Color? Oh, rather a dark, pretty auburn."

* * * * * * *

With the autumn frosts the fever abated. In some households reigned glad hearts, as those who had been stricken down came back to life and health; in others were sadness and silence, and places empty forevermore. But nature and man wrought on, pausing not for joy and sorrow; the harvests were gathered; children played among the fallen leaves; hearts were stirred by love, hope, ambition, as they had been from the beginning. Then the snow came; the same snow that spread its mantle over new-made graves called the boys out to coast, and filled the air with merry sound of sleighbells.

Grandmamma had been wishing for a week to pay a visit to her eldest daughter, Mrs. Dodge; but the roads were so rough that she shrank from the undertaking. Now, however, the snow had smoothed her way both literally and figuratively. Her wraps were brought out, and hung around the fire; the candle-box, the big, old-fashioned marten muff and tippet, the moccasins and quilted mittens. James begged hard to be her escort; he was quite well now, he urged, had been for some time, though still rather weak, and the fresh air would do him good. With some misgivings, his mother gave consent; and wrapped him up as if for an Arctic expedition. Grandma was made into a moving bundle of enormous size, the little foot-stove was filled with coals, and the pair started on their way in the open sleigh. The crisp air, the sparkling snow, the blue shadows and bluer sky were all delicious to the liberated boy. Only, as he passed the churchyard, and saw the white unbroken snow stretching over mound and hollow, a strange awe-struck feeling came over him. What if he were lying there now, and all this pleasant world were going on without him!

Mrs. Dodge, who had heard the sleighbells, was ready at the door-step to meet her visitors. A troop of children accompanied her, marshalled by Celestia, the eldest daughter—a fair, blue-eyed girl of twenty.

"I am so glad to see you, mother!" said the bustling matron, assisting the old lady to alight. "It was strange, but something seemed to say to me that perhaps you might be over to-day, seeing it is so fine. I said to Celestia, as I rolled out the crust for my chicken-pie, 'Now, if your grandma is not here to help us eat this I shall be real disappointed.' And James, I am rejoiced that you are able to be out; you look remarkably well, considering. There, leave the horse to the man, and come straight in and warm yourselves."

The children surrounded the old lady, and formed a guard of honor to escort her to the red rocking-chair by the fire.

"What you got in your pocket, grandma?" asked little Lem, aware that she generally carried a supply of rock-candy, and too artless to disguise his longing.

"Bless his little heart!" exclaimed the old lady. "Look for yourself, deary, and see what you can find."

But a catastrophe was revealed. The lid of grandma's snuff-box had come off, and all the delicate straw-colored crystals were sprinkled with the irritating powder. Little Lem, in the bitterness of his disappointment, began a prolonged howl. Celestia cut it short by suggesting that the candy might be washed; whereupon all the children trooped into the kitchen to assist at the ablution.

"It's so lucky you came to-day, mother," said Mrs. Dodge, in a low, confidential tone, glad to be rid of them. "I should have drove over to you in a day or two had you not come. You know that Squire Morrison's only son, Cyrus, and Celestia are engaged. Well, they want the wedding to be next month."

"Do tell!" exclaimed grandma, lifting her hands. "It seems but yesterday that she was a little child."

"She is full young. But Cyrus is doing well and feels as if he had the best right to her now. That's the way 'tis, mother. I suppose you had the same to go through in your day."

"Yes," said the old lady: "we bring our children up, and care for them, and have our hearts set upon them; and by-and-bye somebody comes along and has a nothing to us, and never did us or them a hand's turn, and we are left alone, clean out of mind. It's not a happy thing, Lucy Ann; but, dear me, it's natural, I suppose. We were all the same. And it's for the best, after all; we can't always be here to look to our children, and it's well they should make other friends to care for them when we are gone. The great point is to get the right sort of companion. You and Maria were both wonderfully lucky, Lucy; there are not many such men as your husband and James Harebell."

"Well, so far as that goes, I think Celestia has made a good choice in Cyrus, mother; and I was thinking perhaps Maria would come over and help me with the preparations."

"Oh, she'll come if she can; never fear," answered grandma.

The children burst in upon them, James marshalling his cousin Celestia. The boy was very fond of her; she was five or six years his senior, yet he cherished hopes (boy fashion) of winning her for his sweetheart, and for his wife afterwards.

Celestia looked very charming to-day and smiled so kindly on him, that he was in the seventh heaven.

Grandmamma glanced significantly at Celestia, who flushed like day-break in return. Later, when the boys and the children were got rid of again, Celestia exhibited her patchwork quilts, bright with pink or Turkey red; her piles of undergarments, ruffled and stitched by her own hands; and manifold other preparations for the change awaiting her.

"Her papa is going to take us over to Boynton," said Mrs. Dodge, "but this time he can spare the time, we shall choose out her teaspoons, and china, and parlor nick-nacks, and all that. And there's her wedding-dress to get besides, and I don't know what all. We shall have our hands full, I guess."

In the midst of these plannings, a sudden thought struck the bride-elect. "Grandma," she asked, "do you see much of Dr. Benedict now?"

"Why, no, child, not very much. He has been quite attentive, calling to see how Jim got along, but that's all. Why do you ask?"

"Celestia has a fancy—he calls here now and then, you know, mother—that he has a very good opinion of *your* little doctor—Miss Bunn," put in Mrs. Dodge.

"O fie!" said grandma. "What a notion! Celestia thinks other people must be like herself—have their minds filled with sweethearts. Don't you believe a word of it, Mary Ann."

Celestia blushed and laughed. She had certainly noticed that Dr. Benedict was fond of talking of Mary Bunn.

The pleasant day over, grandmamma and James started for home after an early tea, the latter buried in reminiscences of the good-bye kiss he had snatched from his cousin Celestia.

"James," spoke grandma suddenly, "you are getting to be a big boy, and ought to be fit to be trusted with a secret."

"I should think so," he replied, proudly.

"Well, then, be sure you don't breathe a lisp of it to anybody—but something's going to happen before long. It will be a splendid time for all you children. Your cousin Celestia is to be married next month to Squire Morrison's son."

Poor James!

III.

"Just look there!" exclaimed Miss Keturah Benedict, as her brother turned from his round one day to dinner. And she handed him an invitation to the wedding.

"Who is it? Who's going to be married?" asked he.

"Celestia Dodge. She can't be a day over nineteen; not more than have twenty at any rate. I wonder her mother hasn't more sense!"

"Oh! well," said the doctor, pleasantly, "perhaps you and I are not the best judges, Keturah. We are rather past that sort of thing ourselves; and these young folks may be more fit to make a choice than we suppose."

"I am past it, that's certain," she retorted with energy. "But as for you, I don't know. Men never think themselves too old for nonsense."

The doctor laughed. "At thirty-eight—and I'm that—I ought to have learnt prudence, I suppose. There's no knowing what I may do—or you either, Kettie. What will happen, will happen. When you shall have given yourself over to some one of the smart widowers around us, I may find my home too lonely."

"Smart widowers want a smarter bride than I should make," she answered. "They always expect their second wives to be younger and better-looking than their first. Come to dinner, John, and don't talk rubbish."

The wedding-day arrived, and towards evening a crowd of expectant guests assembled at the good old-fashioned house of Farmer Dodge. The preparations, in the shape of choice dishes, were great; the wedding-cakes were wonderful, the ice creams good, the chicken salad tempting; and, of all friends, who should have chiefly aided in this, but Dr. Mary Bunn. Her professional duties were slack, and she had gone over to help in Mrs. Harebell's place.

And wonderfully clever she showed herself to be. Mrs. Dodge openly said she had mistaken her vocation, and should have chosen that of domestic life. She trimmed the wedding-dress and the wedding-cake, and was ever now engaged upstairs in pinning on the bride's veil and arranging her wreath of flowers.

A hum, a stir in the throng, a concentrated gaze upon the doorway—and lo! the bridal party entered. Clouds of white muslin, mists of tulle, soft blushes, and beaming eyes, were duly escorted by the adequate number of gentlemen. Celestia came in with her father. The group arranged themselves in the space cleared out for them before the large looking-glass in the large sitting-room; and the clergyman of the district, the Rev. Mr. Watkins, stepped forward to perform the ceremony. Celestia Dodge became Celestia Morrison.

Then came the banquet—a triumph of hospitality and culinary skill.

"Who is that nice-looking young lady presiding in the middle there?" asked Miss Keturah Benedict, who had condescended to put frivolity out of mind and come, and who sat next to Squire Morrison.

"Don't you know? Why, that's the lady doctor, Miss Bunn."

"That! well, I'm sure!" cried Miss Keturah. "I had pictured her so very different—a strong-minded female, in spectacles. She looks—rather nice."

"She is very nice," said the Squire, emphatically.

Music succeeded to the banquet. Mary Bunn did not sing, but she listened to admiration. So, at least, thought one observer. Looking up, she chanced to meet his eyes, and colored slightly; a very becoming flush, thought Dr. Benedict; and he moved nearer to her side.

"A pleasant evening," he remarked.

"Very pleasant," replied Miss Bunn.

"Celestia makes a charming bride, does she not?"

"Very charming."

They conversed for some little time, but hardly exchanged another word during the remainder of the evening. It is remarkable, however, what satisfactory conclusions good judges of character can draw from the slightest premises. Miss Bunn saw clearly that Dr. Benedict had a fineness of taste and an accuracy of observation which no one could suspect from his quiet, staid exterior. While the doctor, on his part, felt that Miss Bunn appeared to even greater advantage in a scene like this than she had done in the sick-room where they first met. He could not but think, as she moved about among the guests, that she would look particularly well in a white bridal dress and a flowing veil.

The departure of the bride and bridegroom for their own home was the signal for the general breaking-up. A number of sleighs stood in readiness at the door. Dr. Benedict was looking out for his own when his sister accosted him.

"John, I am not going home with you: I am going with the Laymans. They'll drop me at our door."

"Oh, very well," said he; and helped her in.

The next sleigh—a family one—to draw up, was Mr. Harebell's. He had a large party to go in it.

"You will be very much crowded," observed the doctor. "Miss Bunn"—taking her hand—"let me give you a seat in mine."

"Oh—thank you," she answered, a pleasant flush rising to her face. "But that would be crowding you and Miss Benedict."

"Not at all; it is best as I offer you. She has deserted me to go with the Laymans." And he handed her in.

It was a lovely night, the moon at the full, the air clear and still, the sleighing excellent: just the weather to stimulate the spirits and promote conversation; yet they drove on in perfect silence. The doctor had sometimes imagined how pleasant it would be to have Miss Bunn sitting by his side; he thought of dozens of things to say to her; remarks, tender or meaning, or only waiting encouragement to be so: and yet had an silence. Miss Bunn was beginning to think she must say something, no matter what, to break it—when he spoke.

"Are you very busy just now?"

The entirely practical nature of this question assailed Miss Bunn's nerves, and she answered readily:

"Not as busy as I should like to be. I feel sometimes rather discouraged. I do not advance as I hoped I should."

"Ah!" said the doctor, reflectively. "I sometimes wonder, madam, what women propose to themselves in undertaking our profession?"

"To—to earn their bread; and to be of some service to the world while they are earning it," she answered, timidly.

"Very good. But—putting other considerations aside—women are so delicate, so unfit to contend with bad weather, fatiguing rides, and all those things which, in the country, at any rate, are the necessary portion of a physician's life."

"In the best of life's daily duties, there is always some drawback. We must make the best of it, whatever it may be."

"Men must. But I cannot see that ladies need take upon themselves unpleasant duties. The end of a woman's life is—to marry."

Miss Bunn gazed steadfastly at the horse's shadow on the snow.

"And the most fitting and the best end for her," he added.

"Marriage does not enter into our calculations," she rejoined, with some hesitation. "At least, it does in a very few instances."

"Oh, does it, indeed?" Do you mean to say that it never enters into yours? Never?"

Whether it was the question, so boldly put, whether it was the tone, that had in it something of tenderness, Miss Bunn grew embarrassed, and did not answer. The doctor, instead of repeating it, looked steadily into her downcast face. Just for a moment their eyes met; and then he took her hand in his and held it there.

"You will think better of this; I am sure you will," she whispered, as he handed her from the cutter on their arrival at Mr. Harebell's. "We—you really know so very little of me."

"We shall have all our lives to get acquainted in," the doctor answered. "I shall see you now."

Miss Bunn, going in, had to meet with some astonishment from the Harebells. They had been at home ten minutes at the very least. With so good a horse as the doctor's and with so light a load, the delay was unaccountable. Had any accident happened?

"We came by the other road, you know," said Miss Bunn, in explanation.

"The other road! Which road?"

"Round by Squire Morrison's."

"Why, so did we. That's the shortest road. The doctor must have driven slowly."

Mary Bunn could say no more. When she went up to her own room she set the lamp upon the drawers, and looked at the face reflected in the mirror. Was it really so—did the doctor find anything attractive there? And would he really persevere? And supposing that he did, could she give up the career to which she had devoted herself and so long looked forward to be useful in? What would her people in the East say to her desertion of the cause? Above all, what would the doctor's sister think of such a marriage?

Some of these questions were answered the next day, when Dr. Benedict drove up and held his promised interview. To all her pseudo objections—and her heart was beating with too much wild pleasure to allow of their being real—he had a disarming answer. To the chief of them—Keturah—he only smiled, and bade her leave Keturah to him.

And, taken in conjunction with the mysteriously-retarded drive last night, the Harebells were not slow at drawing their own conclusions, when the doctor came forth to depart and Miss Bunn ran up to shut herself in her room.

"You see, Celestia was right, after all, mother," observed Mrs. Harebell.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," said grandma. "I'm sure I never should have had an idea of it. It's a good thing, I believe, no matter how it came about: for they are worthy people, both of them, and will suit one another well. But whatever his sister Keturah will say to it passes me."

This was the question that occurred to everyone. It was a knotty problem; even, perhaps, to the doctor.

"I drove Miss Bunn home last night, Keturah. The Harebells were crowded, so I asked her to take your place."

"Oh!" said Miss Keturah.

"And I think—I am almost sure—that she will transfer what little practice she has to me."

"What, is she tired of doctoring?"

"Something of that."

"She is a sensible woman. And I don't mind saying, John, that I took a great fancy to her in spite of my prejudice. She has a nice face, a nice, modest, womanly manner —and she is not ugly, either, at all."

"Not at all. I fancy she'll take a husband next."

Something in the tone struck Miss Keturah. She looked at him keenly.

"John! It is not you?"

"And if it were, Keturah?"

"Oh, brother, brother!" she exclaimed despairingly; "how little you know what you are about to do! I declare you are all alike. A man may be the best man that ever trod—and the wisest—but when it comes to dealing with women, he is *such* a goose!"

This burst of feeling brought forth a long silence, for the doctor did not dare to confute it.

"Tell me one thing, John. Is the matter settled?"

"Yes; unless you forbid the banns," returned the doctor, smiling. "I can't say what will be done in that case. Miss Bunn is most anxious for your good opinion and countenance."

"I presume so," observed Miss Keturah, dryly. "Well, John, I have said my say. You must follow your own devices. I have no call to let or hinder. As to myself—I have my own little property, and can find a home elsewhere."

"I hoped to have a more friendly word than that from my only sister," he said in a pained tone. "After all we have been to each other, Keturah!"

Tears came into Miss Keturah's eyes, long strangers to such weakness. She struggled hard with herself.

"You *shall* have it, John," she said. "If I am afraid for you, it surely is not because I undervalue you. If you must marry, perhaps Mary Bunn will be as good a wife for you as any other you could find. Give me time, John, to get reconciled to the idea."

Miss Keturah was more sad at heart than she cared to show. It is ever thus. For years she and her brother, who was younger than herself, had shared each other's home and thoughts; for a far longer period he had been her chief object, her dearest pride in life. Now, some one she was willing to take her place, to be the first and best beloved. How hard it seemed to her, let those women who have experienced a similar blow tell. And yet—who amidst us would say that he ought to have kept single for his sister's sake?

* * * * * * *

Three years later, Dr. Benedict sat by his own fireside, his little two-year-old girl upon his knee. Evening drew on: without, a snow-storm: within, whirled into the windows shook, and latches rattled sharply; within, all was light, and warmth, and rosy comfort. The wife, from her rocking-chair, tried to coax the child to her arms, but the little Mary defied temptation, and held resolutely to her father's stout forefinger. From the opposite side of the fire Miss Keturah regarded the group complacently. In her own conviction that never did earth, and scarcely Heaven, contain such a cherub as that one particular infant.

A horse and gig clattered up outside. The door-bell rang loudly.

"Oh! dear," exclaimed the wife. "I'm afraid it is some one for you, John."

And so it proved; a summons "over the hills and far away."

"How I wish you had not to go out in this storm, John!" she whispered.

"Perhaps you would like to go in my stead, dear," he answered, a twinkle in his eye, pausing in the midst of wrapping up. "If so, I announce myself a convert to woman's rights; at least, for this occasion."

"Ah!" replied his wife, laughing, "you are very triumphant because I proved unequal to my opportunities. But there are staunch women left, my good sir, though I was recreant, who are trying to make the best of themselves and their rights."

"A woman's best right," unpsake Miss Keturah, "is to be taken care of and made comfortable. That's my theory, Mary. And, my dear, I'd not have you anybody's wife but his for the world."

And Mary glanced gratefully into her husband's eyes as he bent to kiss her before starting.

So that was the ignominious ending of the public career of Doctor Mary Bunn.

CONCERNING WATCHES.

At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of iron." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding once a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter.

A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,000 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it. There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff boxes, shirt studs, breast-pins, bracelets and finger rings. Some were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pearls, melons, tulips or coffins.

WHAT a thing it is to be cheerful, and to have cheerful people about one! Life except during the pressure of its most terrible calamities, always has a bright side, and those who look at that side are far the wisest. Yet there are excellent people who go about bowed down under a weight of forebodings, who feel sure the worst thing possible will happen—who indeed make it manifest that in their opinion it has happened already.

HERO.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

A chill is in the air,
It is cold everywhere
Here below.
The mercury is down,
Below the zero frown,
Let it go!

The paupers who were out
And wandering about
Gather in,
To melt their frozen blood.
They want a coffin food
Or a gin.

"The summer does to beg
E'en if you've lost a leg."
Now they say,
"But when the snow comes down
On the country and the town
It don't pay."

The poor grind the rich,
And toil every niche
To the cool.
Industry reaps reward,
The slothful steals the hoard.
Just to spend.

A double struggle game,
With fleeting life for name
Is our play.
We shuffle forth and back
With our cards of the pack
While we may.

But then all drop at last,
The day to win is past,
With the rest.
A pile of pinery gold
Is odourate and cold
At the best.

The beggar to our hearth
The bleak day of earth
Presses near.
Shall we allier pass in,
Where comes no chill of sin
Or of fear?

Or shall we knock and pray,
In humble christian way,
At the door,
And not an entrance claim,
As though we owned the same,
And far more?

Too cold it is to write
At zero frozen tight,
I am done!
If you the moral find
And keep it in your mind
I have won.

THE AWKWARD YANKEE.

A Western Sketch

BY MARY F. AMES.

"Come, Ellen, it is time you were making some preparation for Mrs. Foster's party, this evening."

"Oh! yes, my grave sister, I am making all necessary preparation: that is, I am schooling my ears and eyes for all manner of comic sounds and sights. But for dress, as I do not know how to make limsey yet, I could not appear in the fashionable costume if my life depended on it. Have you one of those plaided originals yet, Clara?"

"No, Ellen, for I have not needed any new dresses since I came here. But I should not be ashamed to wear a home-spun dress, if circumstances required it."

"Not to a party?"

"Perhaps I should not like to wear a linsey dress to a party. Indeed, it would seem like offering an insult to the lady giving the party; especially, if I had others, more suitable for such an occasion. And, let me assure you, Ellen, you are very much mistaken regarding those you see around you, if wealth is the criterion by which you judge. If you attend this party, as our father wishes you to do, you will undoubtedly see richer dresses than you or I have ever worn. They may not be fashioned in the latest style, but as no one knows what is most fashionable, all are happy in their ignorance."

"Then I will try and become ignorant as speedily as possible. But I suspect I shall be obliged to learn, as well as forget; for, honor bright, Clara, I am troubled to understand the language of some of my new acquaintances."

"I know they are in the habit of using some words—and even phrases which sound strangly to us here, except among the very illiterate, their language is better chosen than ours of the New England States."

"Preposterous! Who ever uses *reckon* in place of *think*. I should like to know?"

"Softly, Miss Critic. *Is* it any worse than guess?"

"I *guess* not," confessed Ellen good humoredly.

"But let me tell you of a funny little woman who came in the store, while I was there, this morning?"

"She wore the all prevailing checked gown, that might have been fashioned after the one Mrs. Noah wore in the ark, for all its resemblance to present style; her shoes were precisely like those worn by men, and fitted loosely to the coarse woolen stockings that made a generous display of themselves, to reach the short scrimp skirt. A calico sunbonnet covered her head: the print consisting of black roses, blue leaves, yellow buds and a red stem on a green ground. And of all the forlorn looking things about a woman's face it sat, or rather hung, the worst.

Her hands were destitute of gloves, and for a shawl, she wore a hideous string of glass beads.

She first asked Henry if he was the store-keeper? 'I reckon,' was his outlandish reply. But when he said, yes, its or neither, I could not tell. She put her hand on some cheap prints lying on the counter, and asked the price?

'A bit a yard,' was his reply.

'I low a bit is too much for such an ornary piece. How much do you ask for this?' placing her hand on a much nicer piece. 'A bit and a pie.'

'It's a heap cheaper, but then, it's a heap finer. How much do you take to pay for a dress?'

'How many yards do you want?'

'I reckon seven 'll make it, as I'm not powerful large.'

'Ten bits and a pie.'

'Which?'

'Ten bits and a pie,' he answered, as gravely as before.

'That is a right smart chance of money, like, to pay for one dress, but as I call it right fine, you may strip it off.'

'It is that,' was the affirmative reply of Henry, as he measured it, she watching every fold, as it was laid off. Then he put in, thread, hooks and eyes, and I know not what else besides, and the well satisfied little woman trudged away with her purchase.

After she had gone, I asked Henry why she had been so careful to ascertain his position before making her purchase, and why he used such phrases?

He laughed as he apologized for assuming my father's place as "store keeper," but assured me, she would have purchased nothing had she suspected he was only a clerk, and a Yankee at that, lest she should have been cheated."

"Henry is quite shrewd in such matters, and father often tells me that he should hardly know how to manage, in this place, without him," observed Clara, her cheeks growing brighter as she spoke.

"And what would my wise sister do without him?" was the teasing query of Ellen as she arose from her seat.

"But, really, I have some preparation to make, if my father wishes me to make my debut this evening. And then look out for my numerous coquests in Suckerdom," and with a sweetly caroled couplet of Burns' she went out, Clara watching her with almost a mother's fondness.

Clara and Ellen were the only children of Mr. Palmer, and had lost their mother four years before, when Clara was sixteen and Ellen thirteen years of age. At the time of Mrs. Palmer's death, the husband was preparing to remove to a small village in Southern Illinois. But the sudden death of the wife and mother rendered the contemplated removal next to impossible, as Clara was too young to take her mother's place, and Ellen was still in school.

Three years were suffered to elapse before the project so sadly interrupted was again attempted. Ellen was to remain one year longer at school, while Clara went with her father, and took her place as housekeeper in their new home.

If anything could have reconciled Mr. Palmer to the loss of his wife, it would have been the society and gentle care of his daughter. The sorrow that had fallen on her heart, when it was like.

"Fair white paper, an unsullied sheet," —alike susceptible to the tracery of grief and the more joyous emotions belonging to her tender years, had given a subdued and quiet tone to her entire character. Ever watchful of the feelings of others, she was beloved by all her acquaintances both in her old home and the new one in Illinois; and, more especially, by Henry Leeson, who acted in the capacity of clerk in her father's store, and who boarded with the family.

Mr. Palmer approved of the match, only stipulating that the marriage should not take place until Ellen should come from school, and also have a few months training in household arrangement from her wise sister.

And now she had come, prepared to be amused, and I am sorry to say, a little inclined to ridicule anything out of the common order of things. Her father and sister shrank from checking her exuberant spirits, when she first arrived, so doubly dear had she become to them by their long separation.

But this would no longer do. And Mr. Palmer resolved to converse with her upon the subject, before she attended this, her first party, that she might not give offence by her thoughtless levity. Taking an opportunity when no one was present but her sister, he said:

"Ella, did I ever tell you how entirely uncultivated was the section of country where we lived when my father first removed to Massachusetts?"

"I have heard you say it was a new country; that is all."

"It was indeed so, nor did it improve very rapidly. For when I was twelve years old, eight years after we went there, I took the first trip to mill with the grain thrown across a horse's back; the roads through the woods being almost impassible for a wagon in a wet time. The distance was ten miles, and not a house on the way after I left our little settlement, until I reached the one in which the mill was situated. My clothing, if I remember, consisted of a coarse linen shirt, tow trowsers and a checkered woolen jacket, knit and woven by my mother's hands; a straw hat braided and sewed by my sister and coarse shoes made by my father."

"Hush, was your father able to dress you no better?" asked Ellen in surprise.

"He did not need to dress me better; that was considered a fashionable suit for a boy by the inhabitants among whom we lived."

"Oh, well, if it was the fashion, it was just as well, of course!"

"Yes, but necessity only had made it so. Our father, for our sakes, and the difficulties in raising crops from new farms, to obtain money, had learned us to forego all superfluities. Boys in Boston did not dress in this manner. And now, my dear girl, let me ask you how we should have felt if a young lady had come from the city, and while among us, ridiculed our home-spun attire, original phrases and rustic manners?"

Ellen saw the application instantly and was silent.

"I do not wish to grieve you, Ellen, but wish for my sake, you would try and be a little more careful about injuring the feelings of these strange people among whom you are to make your home. Your dear mother would have advised you thus, for she ever shrank from inflicting needless pain. And, believe Ellen, you will some day thank me for this."

"I do, indeed, thank you now, papa, and am only sorry to have merited the reproof."

A gay party of young and old, were that evening assembled in Mrs. Foster's plain parlor, and among the number Mr. Palmer and his two daughters. And he should be pardoned, if admitting a feeling of pride at the admiration they excited.

Ellen, indeed, was such a rare vision of youth and beauty, as no one in that humble village had gazed on for many a day. Her fresh, blooming complexion, rounded form, and a certain bewitching ease, never to be mistaken for boldness, rendered her charming to the little circle in which she now found herself. And she strove to obey her father's instructions to the letter by rendering herself as agreeable as she was able, to each one with whom she had an opportunity of conversing. Once she had like to have forgotten herself, when Mrs. Foster introduced a young man by the name of Smith, and whose address marked him, as from New England, unmistakably.

"Pooty evenin', Miss Parmer," he drawled staring at the closed blind persistently.

"Quite pleasant," she assented, repressing a smile.

"I hearn you've jist come into these parts?" Ain't it a hansome place? Say once?"

"If you refer to the village, it is very prettily laid out, and the country around, I think, is very beautiful."

"Well, that's jist wat I think, tew. I swan! Sense I cum here, I've 'bout made up my mine not ter go back ter old Vermount agin, ter live. Darn't all—what's the use diggin' on them consarned ole mountings when you kin git lan' here jist as cheap, and mebby cheaper?"

"I am told the soil is excellent here," the young lady replied courteously.

"Mebby you'll like ter dance? Le's go in Pother room, where they're formin' up for a cowtillion!"

Poor Ellen! She suspected she was about to become a martyr, but glancing in the direction of her father, she received an encouraging nod, for he well knew that a lady like Mrs. Foster would not introduce one entirely destitute of polish, she suffered the awkward, shambling fellow to lead her to where a quadrille was forming; he, very near stumbling over the protruding boot of a sitter, with more foot than brains, and who, as Ellen was quite sure, intended to obstruct their way. Her eyes flashed indignantly at the insult, but her companion only whispered, loud enough for every one to hear: "He's jealous on me! by jingo!" and the rough compliment of one caused her to overlook the impertinence of the other.

Mr. Smith shuffled through the figure like a crippled crane; but, to the no small gratification of Ellen, who was excessively fond of dancing. Whatever original movements he made he managed to bring himself back to his place in time; thus subjecting her to no inconvenience, apart from mortification at the ill-suppressed titters of some, with less sense than mirthfulness in their composition.

The dance over, he led her to a seat, taking care to keep clear of all stray toes, and again seated himself beside her. She was wondering how much more she had to endure, when Henry Leeson took the opportunity of introducing an acquaintance, and Mr. Smith trundled himself off. She was pleasantly conversing with the gentleman when they were interrupted by a pert Miss, who asked if she was not "mighty like, by that *stupid* Yankee, what Miss Foster made such a todo in introducing to everybody?"

Ellen replied that she was not tired, and thus far, had enjoyed the party. "Yes, but that abominable Mr. Smith! I wonder Mrs. Foster cannot see he is almost a fool! But he is a relation, I am told, and that makes all difference with some people."

"I differ entirely from you in his intellect. To me, he seems shrewd enough."

"Well, if he is, I should think he would know when he is insulted. But he does not. For when I just turned my head to talk to me, in his everlasting lingo, and I laughed in his face, to drive him away, he asked me to dance with him!"

"And you refused?"

"You're right. I did that."

"And I did not. Let his speech and manners be what they may, as the guest, and much more, a relative of our kind entertainers, I feel bound by the rules of good breeding, to treat him politely."

"And for which you will please accept their thanks, Miss Ellen," said Mr. Foster, who had approached them unobserved. Ellen was pitiably embarrassed, that her remark had been overheard, but the tact of the gentleman soon reassured her, and they conversed freely.

The conversation was of the village and its prosperity. And Mr. Foster told her that at least one-sixth of the real estate belonged to a young Virginian, who had lately fallen heir to the property, and whose agent he (Mr. Foster) was.

"He has never lived among us, but proposes soon to do so, I believe. He is a most estimable young man, and will undoubtedly add much in the improvement of our village. The name is Malden. Just then loud talking was to be heard in another room and Mr. Foster said, with a smile, "Our friend Smith is in full possession. I hope will accompany me, we will learn what new horror he has found."

"Wall, I swan! of a feller can't take off his coat, when he is tew warm, I'd like to know what our fathers fit and bled for? it's tew bad," he whined. "Jehosaphat! Wouldn't our folks laff ter hear me tell out? Bloated live just acause it's unpolite to take off my coat for the comfort and lightening! what you grinnin' at?" You are the feller what tried to trip me up, when I'se goin' to dance. I ain't forgot it, nor I ain't again to, neither."

He of the large feet shrank back, and Mr. Smith returned to the subject of the coat.

"Now I want ter know, Mr. Foster, if I can't take off this coat? or is it raly onfashionable?"

"Certainly you can remove your coat, if you wish to do so; but it is not customary, especially in the presence of ladies. But perhaps some of the gentlemen would like to argue the case with you? I, for one, should be very happy to listen to a discussion upon the subject."

"That's the checker! I can arger like all possessed. Who comes?"

Emboldened by the hint from their host, three or four entered the list resolved to exhibit their own talents and also draw out the Yankee for the amusement of the listeners.

But, somehow, the play was not acted according to programme. Smith's logic was better than his language; and his witty repartees, covert sarcasms and wholesome advice, drawled through his nose, caused his opponents to throw down and give up the contest; and that too, with a feeling of appearing ridiculous.

Mr. Foster watched Ellen as she listened, eagerly, to the war of words; now bending forward, in earnest reply, and she fancied poor Smith baffled, as if she would lend him words, and then sinking back with a sigh of relief, when he had put his foes to flight. When one of them replied to him the Yankee more quietly than he had done anything before during the evening, withdrew himself from the little group, and sat down watching others, as if he could find no appear as they did, or think thought Ellen. And when Clara joined her from the dancing-room, she said, in a whisper: "I feel sorry for the poor fellow?"

"To whom do you refer?" asked her sister in surprise.

"Mr. Smith, who sits there in the corner, looking so lonely and homesick. Go and speak to him, Clara, he is one to will wonder in such a mixed company as this."

"I do not like to go alone, as I am a stranger here, but you, Clara, no one would say a word. Then Henry would be ashamed of being jealous of the poor awkward Yankee."

"Then go with me," and slipping her arm around her graceful sister, they sauntered to where the object was sitting.

He arose, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes, offered his seat to one, and immediately placed another for the other, while he remained standing.

"We thought you appeared too serious for such a gay party," observed Clara, "and have come to have a social chat with you, Mr. Smith."

"Ahah!" replied he bowing, "permit Smith Malden to thank you for the sympathy so generously rendered Mr. Smith, the awkward Yankee."

The girls gazed and listened in perfect astonishment.

"I promised to leave this *denouement* to our kind friends, the Fosters. But I am sure they will forgive me, when they learn how sorely I was tempted. Although reared in the South, I received my collegiate course in Dartmouth, New Hampshire. While there, I was much amused to observe the difference in speech, manners, etc., of the country people, and those in my native State. And to please my classmates, would often attempt to personate either character; succeeding best, however, as they assured me, in that of the Yankee.

When I arrived here, last evening, Mrs. Foster was lamenting the failure of a little play, she had arranged for the amusement of her guests. Later, when she again referred to her disappointment, I hesitatingly, offered myself as a *troupe* of one, and gave her a specimen of the character. She evidently considered it better than nothing, and I shall not regret it, if I may hope for the pardon of the lady, who honored me with her hand, as I blundered through a quadrille?"

"No apology is necessary, Mr. Malden," she replied. "It has been a farce, and I have, unwittingly been one of the actors."

Mr. Malden fancied there was a tone of bitterness in her voice; at least, her intention of leaving him, was evident, and he said, looking wistfully in her eyes:

"Have I, indeed, forever, forfeited your esteem by this unfortunate masquerade?"

"I have known you only in the character of Mr. Smith," she replied, blushing at his earnestness. "I have yet to become acquainted with Mr. Malden."

"Thank you, thank you both. I should have known better," he added, as they moved away.

It would be impossible to describe the surprise, and to some consternation, when the host introduced his guest as Mr. Malden, and pleasantly explained the ruse, played for the entertainment of the company. The name was almost as familiar to the guests, as that of their village.

The would-be wit, who had obstructed his way to the dancing-room, ventured forward to apologize.

"Not to me, sir, but a suitable one to Miss Palmer, would not be out of place."

And the pert miss who refused to dance with him, whispered to Ellen:

"How unfortunate! and you knew all the while who he was?"

"Indeed, I did not, any more than yourself. I only knew he was a friend of our entertainers, who were doing all in their power to make the evening a pleasant one to the company."

"Then they have failed in my case, and I only wish I had staid at home," she replied, ready to cry with vexation.

"Will you please tell me what vexes you?" said the ubiquitous Malden, who was persistently following up the trail of annoyance his acting had left behind.

"Will you excuse me, for being impolite to you, sir?"

"Certainly. And do you know, you paid me a very high compliment, by so utterly believing in the character I had assumed?"

In this, and a similar manner, he managed to restore good feeling; and when the party broke up, each one was ready to laugh over what he considered a good joke got up for one evening's amusement.

But, apparently, Mr. Malden was not quite satisfied with the absolution of Ellen Palmer, and made frequent calls at the residence of her father, to reassure himself of the certainty of the fact.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Mr. Palmer, one day, as a bouquet was sent in for Miss Ellen, with the compliments of Mr. Malden, "I see how it will be. I am to have no housekeeper after all."

And so it proved; for a few months, after the marriage of Clara and Henry Leeson, Ellen was married to Mr. Malden.

All this happened more than twenty years ago. The little village has become a city of several thousand inhabitants. Mr. Malden has been elected to high places of trust in his adopted State, and always with the full suffrages of his townsmen. The mercantile firm of Palmer & Leeson has prospered, and the family reunions are frequent. And at those social gatherings nothing will quicker bring a smile to the lips of the older members of the party than a reminder of the "Awkward Yankee."

THE GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS

There is in the heart of Paris an establishment where 1,000,000 mouths seek daily food, in whose neighborhood are to be found street after street which make when the other portions of the city prepare for sleep; a quarter traversed every night by 12,000 vehicles, and from four to ten o'clock a. m., sees added to its 42,000 inhabitants a floating population of at least 60,000 souls; in one word, the Great Markets.

Six uniform divisions, marshalled in two ranks, are sheltered under an immense iron roof, which has a superficies of 20,000 yards A forest of delicate and elegant small columns support this gigantic roof. Broad walks planted with trees extend around the vast parallelogram, which is crossed by three covered avenues. The six divisions have each their especial trade. One is devoted to fruit and flowers; another to eggs, stables; another to fish; this to eggs and butter by the wholesale; that to game and poultry; so for the sixth and last, so many different sorts of things are sold there that we cannot find space for the enumeration of them.

Beneath the Great Markets are visible the cellars. There are thirty of them. As a general rule, each cellar is on a double floor which is an exact copy of the division above ground. There are the same lines of stalls, only instead of the stalls above ground there are lofty recesses, divided by iron railing, with numbers corresponding to the numbers of the shops above them. These recesses are the store-rooms of the market people; they keep their stock and goods in them. They are all alike; except that the fishmongers have, besides, reservoirs supplied with running water, where the fishes are kept alive.

In the cellar of retail butter dealers several conscientious tradesmen are discovered giving their stock (which is a little rancid) the desired fresh taste. They mix by gaslight on wooden boards their venerable butter, water it, add a little flour if the butter lacks consistence; and if it is too pale they add carrot juice or carmine, which in a few moments gives the palest butter the beautiful orange color so dear to all housewives.

In the next cellar are the poultry shambles. Around eight immense marble tables, placed equidistant from each other, in regular order, are men, women, and children, cutting, clipping, tearing, picking, pulling. They have all been at work since eleven o'clock, p. m., and they will not have ended their task before five or six o'clock, a. m.; for they have to prepare some 1,000 or 1,200 geese, turkeys, chickens, ducks, or pigeons for the market stalls. Every where in the neighborhood of this cellar, one sees nothing but baskets full of feathers, baskets full of poultry under sentence of death, heaps of dressed poultry.

The Great Markets are still quiet, but labor has begun its tasks even above ground. One detects faint glimmers of light through the iron railings of the divisions allotted to fruit and vegetables. If one goes near, he discovers women seated around lamps or lanterns. They are shelling peas. A large number of women earn their daily bread for six months of the year by shelling peas. One may form some conception of the number of peas required, when he is told that Paris consumes during these six months 30,000,000 quarts of the valuable vegetable. There are some vegetable preservers who employ every season 300 women to do nothing but shell peas for them. They get 15d. for shelling a large basket which contains twenty-five pounds of peas. An active woman can shell fifty pounds in her ten or twelve hours of labor; but then she must not dawdle.

The porters of the Great Markets are organized in an excellent association. Five or six hundred members belong to their society, and they unload and load not only in the Great Markets, but in several other markets. They are divided into gangs, which are sub-divided into squads, each having a foreman. At the Great Markets are to be found the butter porters, the fruit porters, the meat porters, the flour porters, and so on. A "chief foreman" is invested with the sovereignty over all of them, although he does not receive one sou more than any of them. The butter porters and meat porters earn their 8s. 5d. a morning. Next to them come the fruit porters, and the fish and flour porters, earning upon an average 3s. 4d. a morning.

At four o'clock a. m. the market bell rings to announce the opening of the market. None but vegetable dealers have the right to begin to sell as soon as they begin to unload. All the others are forbidden to enter into negotiations with purchasers before this bell rings. Sellers are looking, sharp purchasers are examining the provisions, some men who seem to be loitering idly, are watching a basket as a cat watches a mouse. When the bell ceases ringing, thousands of baskets have changed hands.

The retail market-women rent the stalls in the market. Their hours of sale are all day long. They are the chief go-between of market gardener and buyer. They pay the rent for their stalls (each has her name painted above her stall) by the week, and in advance. There are two other sorts of huckstering. One is carried on by people who buy from the market-gardeners vegetables &c., at the period of the day when they are extremely cheap (for instance, at the close of the day), and sell them at a time when they have risen in value. The other is driven by market gardeners themselves, who come with empty baskets and buy in the morning from their brethereen the wherewithal to fill them.

Here a portion of the itinerant green-grocers called hawkers buy the damaged fruit they hide from the prices in the cellar of Paris peopled by the laboring classes. There are some 12,000 hawkers daily moving about in Paris, who come every morning to the Great Markets for their supplies. They are watched by special inspectors, whose duty it is to see that they do not stop in the streets or loiter in the neighborhood of markets.

REVIEWS.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY:

Most of us prefer to keep out of Bedlam as long as may be, but Julius Chambers deliberately planted in it, placed in a lunatic asylum, that he might tell the world what he observed there. It was believed that abuses existed in such institutions which ought to be exposed, and Mr. Chambers at the time was on the New York *Tribune* for which he was a reporter, undertook the task most successfully. Having carefully studied his part, he feigned insanity so well that he was pronounced a fit subject for the Asylum by two expert physicians, and very soon passed through an experience which he was very soon glad to bring to a close. What he saw and suffered he graphically described in a little work entitled: "A Mad World and its Inhabitants." It has deeper interest than any work of fiction. His account was first published in the newspapers, but is worthy of a permanent place in the library. (New York, D. Appleton & Co.)

Lippincott's is especially strong in fiction. Besides the continuation of George Macdonald's serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," there are two capital short stories, "Hebe," by the author of "Hilliulph," and "The Cruise of the Heron," by James T. McKay, and the opening chapters of Auerbach's new tale, "Young Aloys; or, The Gawk from America," which may be described as glimpses of German life through American spectacles. Of the other articles, the most noticeable are Gail Hamilton's "Railroad Reflections," suggested by a journey on the Pacific Railroad; the concluding portions of Edward King's "Pictures from Spain," and Edward Bruce's "Floor of Fire," both full of entertaining information, and amply illustrated; and a scholarly analysis of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by Prof. W. H. Goodyear. There are several poems in the number, the best being "The Christmas Tree," by Emma Lazarus, and a sonnet on "The Wabash," by Maurice Thompson. The "Monthly Gossip" presents the usual variety of topics.

Scribner's is bright with "Trout Fishing on the Raugeley Lakes," followed by "A Winter on the Nile," by General George B. McClellan. Dr. Holland's novel "Nicholas Minturn" is continued, also "That Lass o' Lowries." Mrs. S. B. Herrick, shows us what she has seen with her "Microscope among the Flowers." The illustrations are of the finest order, and, altogether, the number is a rich treat.

Harpers' gives first an illustrated article entitled "Or the Taff" descriptive of Welsh scenery and life. "The Log Book of the Sea-Serpent" is followed by the story of the first voyage by steamer across the Atlantic. "The Land of the Incas" gives a summary of the explorations of E. George Squier in that region of the Antipodes in America. "A Woman Hater" is continued, and the usual assortment of sketches, poetry, etc., make up a number of average excellence, which with this standard magazine is entirely satisfactory.

Appletons' opens with an illustrated paper on "Our Winter Birds" by Ernest Ingersoll. The leading feature of the number is the opening chapters of a new novel entitled "Cherry Ripe," by Helen B. Mathers, in which we are introduced to a young person of a delightful acquaintance with the heroine. There is a paper by Junius Henri Browne, entitled "The Men who Fascinate Women," which may fairly be said to have a fascinating subject. There is a short story by "M. E. W. S.," one by Nora Perry, and a third by James Payn; a very picturesque paper entitled "Rubens's Land," and a variety of other papers. "Two Years in Women," the first portion of which was given in the January number, is concluded. This is a stirring story in verse which, while lacking the highest qualities of poetry, exhibits a really remarkable graphic power.

THE radical defect in most school books has been that while they give abundant exercise to the memory, the pupil's power of independent investigation and reasoning is but little called into action. He may acquire considerable learning under such training, but it will not make him a robust thinker, which is, or ought to be, the purpose of school education. A change for the better is slowly being made, and every help in the right direction should be welcomed. An unpretending little work, one of the series of Science Primers, entitled Inventional Geometry, is worthy of special mention as a book which teaches a pupil to think for himself. He receives help enough by definition and suggestion to enable him to construct his own primary geometry. The author, William George Spencer, father of Herbert Spencer, a skillful mathematical teacher, found that by the use of this work which he prepared for his own classes, an unusual interest in the study was at once awakened. The young pupil, becoming an original investigator, is continually rewarded by new discoveries, and goes forward with alacrity under this natural and healthful stimulus. Every teacher should at least examine this book. (New York, D. Appleton & Co.)

NEWS NOTES.

A Boston store which rented for $17,000 last year has just been leased for $5,000.

AN effort is being made in New York to raise $50,000 for a martyr's memorial fund.

FIVE millions in gold and mutilated legal tenders, fractional currency, and bank notes, have arrived in Washington from San Francisco.

GREAT damage estimated at several millions, has been done at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati by the breaking up of the ice in the Ohio river.

THE Philadelphia Post Office issued money orders to the amount of $2,354,406.40. The carriers delivered 49,464,374 letters, cards, and papers, and collected 49,085,-354.

A mail bag stolen while in transit from Philadelphia to Boston, and containing drafts and checks to the amount of $44,304, has been found in the express office at Montreal, and sent back to New York.

THERE are at present about 350 wells in Canada capable of producing oil, but owing to the dullness of the market, only about 200 of these are in operation. There are fifteen refineries, chiefly at London.

THERE has lately been a large increase in the amount of butter exported to England. The estimated amount exported to foreign countries last year was 10,000,000 pounds, while in 1876 the amount was only 5,000,000.

THE number of public schools in California is 2989. These were attended during the past year by the approximate number of 184,487 pupils. The money for the support of the schools given by the State was $666,527 36.

AT the Government establishment (Mound City, Illinois river) in California, from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 of young salmon are hatched each year and distributed to the Fish Commissioners of the various States having rivers suitable for their growth and increase.

GOVERNOR Hartranft has refused to grant application for a requisition for the return of John A. Bigler, late vice-president of the City Bank of this city, from San Francisco, on the ground that an effort was being made to enforce the criminal law to enforce the payment of a civil liability.

THE Queen of England was duly proclaimed Empress of India on Jan. 1st. The ceremonies in India were on the most magnificent scale. All the native princes of any rank were present. They offered costly tokens of homage, and received commemorative medals and other valuable gifts.

SOME time ago ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, offered to give $60,000 as an endowment fund for several academies that fit students for Colby University, Waterville, Me., in case a like sum was obtained in other quarters. The plan has been carried out, and an endowment fund of $100,000 is now secured.

ABOUT 1200 Icelanders have immigrated to Manitoba and settled on Lake Winnipeg at a place which they call Gimli. The colonial Government has given them land and helped them to get over. They are very unlucky, however, this winter, numbers of them, especially children, having died of small-pox.

THE ice harvest has been abundant this season, and gathered much earlier than it is usually done. Many large establishments are already filled, and most of them are nearly so. There is already enough served to supply next summer's wants. It will be fortunate if consumers find the price in accordance with the supply.

JUST now Great Britain seems to be having an epidemic of capital punishment. Every batch of newspapers received from there contains an account of at least one execution. During one week recently there were four persons executed within three days, and the number of murders keeps pace with the number of hangings.

THE light-house at Hooper Strait, Eastern Shore of Chesapeake bay, which was carried away by the ice on Thursday last, was carried out on the Chesapeake about four miles with the crew on board. The boats belonging to it were caught by the light-house, which remained afloat on the ice, and at last advices it was four miles west northwest of its proper location, when there are about seven fathoms of water. The ice still kept it afloat, and no assistance could be given the lightkeepers from the shore. Captain Conway and an assistant had charge of the lighthouse.

AN enormous aquarium, to cost not less than one million of francs, will be constructed for the Exhibition of 1878, of which it will be one of the greatest curiosities. A French company will have charge of it, and will erect it at their own cost. Besides the smallest minnows to the largest whales, sharks, and crocodiles, there are to be living specimens in the said aquarium, and orders have already been given for securing the monsters. There will be large water tanks and sea-water tanks, and the aquarium will be so constructed that it may become one of the sights of Paris, to remain open after the Exhibition closes.

THE secretary at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of the new mechanical workshops on the Russian system, the first of which (for vise work) was opened about two months since, has been well employed. During the past week a committee from the Mechanics' Association, which, by donations, has aided largely in furthering the enterprise, visited the shops and expressed themselves highly pleased with the results already obtained by the students at filing and chipping. A number of machinists have also lately examined the work, which they pronounced excellent, even exceeding that required in ordinary machine shops. The catalogue states that the shop work is strictly unique, there being, so far as is known, no other school for metal-working constructed on the same plan except in Russia.

MINING Stocks in California are lower than at any period for years past. After the failure of the Bank of California the old shares of Consolidated Virginia, only fell to $200 on the street, while Ophir never went below $40. Now the former is down low in the thirties and Ophir is worth only about half what it brought in the gloomiest days of the autumn of 1875. There is the greatest consternation among dealers, who are being sold out right and left. Hundreds of men who were worth a competence a week ago are worth less than nothing to-day. A few months ago people bought the bonanzas at $700 or $80. The stock went to $60 and they sold out, and, when it fell to $50, they bought in again, thinking they had done a big thing. This has been repeated many times, but the reaction has not yet come, and the selling and taking in at lower figures has become something like a magnificent farce.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by an obstinate Cough, which takes to Hims. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant would speedily cure.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY C. D.

It is not by watching and hoping,
By sloth, or by senselessly groping,
By grumbling, or sullenly moping,
That fortune can ever be won;
It is not by wishing and praying,
By laziness, and by delaying,
By thoughtlessly into paths straying,
Where giddy sojourners o'er run.

It is not by constantly leaning
On some one, through whom intervening
You hope to acquire the full meaning
Of happiness, faithfully earned—
That success will ever come near you,
With it's smiles and blessings to cheer you;
This truth you must learn ere your heart, ere you
The pathway to fortune have learned.

A lesson the wild-wood can teach you,
If you will allow it to reach you;
'Twill earnestly, strongly beseech you,
To stand like the elm or the oak
To stand on your own footing solely,
To make each endeavor yours wholly
If you'd rise from a place that is lowly,
And fortune's smiles to invoke.

It is not by languidly pouring
Over marble, with thought lofty-soaring,
A vision of beauty, that genius
That genius achieves its great fame.
The sculptor is he, who beholding
The vision of beauty unfolding,
By patiently carving and moulding,
Brings honor most high to his name.

It is not by constantly hoping
By sighing, and weeping and moping,
By dreaming, and scheming, and groping,
That fortune may ever can win,
'Tis only by thinking and doing,
By purpose defined—by pursuing,
Your own manner to prosperity bowing—
And now is the time to begin.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 36. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

FACING THE TIGER.

The espionage was growing intolerable to Frank. And on this very day, just about the time that Sir Philip Stane was at Eagles' Nest, he flung prudence to the winds, and questioned the enemy. The Tiger had wandered as near to the house as he could go without being guilty of a positive trespass: and Frank, chancing to turn out of what was called the back way to talk, came upon him face to face. It was the first time they had thus closely met. For a full minute they gazed at each other. The Tiger stood his ground, and calmly took from his pocket a small note-case of brown morocco leather, with the initials "C. R." stamped upon it in gilt.

"Does this belong to you?" questioned the Tiger.

"Not to me," replied Frank. "But I believe it belongs to my cousin, Mr. Raynor."

"I picked it up a few minutes ago as I was strolling along. Perhaps you will be so good as give it to its owner."

Frank took the case from the Tiger, and thanked him. Even to this man, suspecting him, as he did, for a despicable spy, he could but be courteous. And indeed, but for the suspicion, Frank would have rather liked the man's face, now he saw it closely; the thought passed through his mind that, for a Tiger, he was a civilized one. There was a tone of pleasant freedom in the voice, the dark grey eyes, gazing steadily into Frank's, were earnest and steady.

"You come from Tremnach," said Frank suddenly, speaking upon impulse.

"From Trennach?" repeated the stranger, vaguely, and evincing no surprise.

"Or from some one there," continued Frank. "Employed by him to look after his villainous interests here."

"I am my own employer, young man."

What is your name, pray?"

"If I thought it concerned you to know it, I might perhaps inform you," was the answer, civilly delivered.

"But suppose it does concern me?"

"Yes my opinion it does not."

"At any rate your business here does."

"Does it?"

"Will you deny that you have business here? Business of a private nature?"

"I cannot deny that; for it is true."

"And that your business consists in peeping, and watching, and spying?"

"You are partly right."

"And," continued Frank, growing warm, "don't you think that is a despicable way to get a despicable proceeding?"

"In some cases it may undoubtedly be so regarded," was the calm, cool answer. "In other cases it is perfectly justifiable. When some end, for instance, has to be obtained: or, let us say, a problem worked out."

"The Devil can quote Scripture, we are told, to serve his own purposes," muttered Frank to himself as he turned away: afraid of pursuing the subject; half afraid of what revelation the man might make, and of his fearless grey eyes reading him steadfast gaze.

They strode apart from one another at right angles. The stranger with careless, easy steps, with profound composure; Frank less easy than usual.

"I wonder," soliloquized he, "whether Pellet has let him into that unhappy night's secrets, or whether he has but given him general instructions to look after me, and has kept him in the dark? Any way, I wish Blase Pellet was——"

The wish, whatever it might have been, was left unspoken. For the Tiger had changed his course. He had turned to follow Frank at a fleet pace, and now came up with him.

"Will you tell me, sir, what induced you to assume that I had come here from Trennach? And for what purpose I am 'spying?'—and upon whom?"

"There's no need to tell you," rejoined Frank. "You know two well already."

"Suppose I tell you I do not know?"

"I hope you do; it's all the same," returned Frank indifferently, believing he was being played with.

"Perhaps you have run up debts at Trennach, and are mistaking me for a Sheriff's officer?" proceeded the Tiger, once more gazing steadfastly at Frank as he spoke.

"Your cousin, the Major's son, has been taking me for one."

"How on earth did he get to know that?" thought Frank. And it seemed to be so confirmatory a proof of the Tiger's accusation—namely, in paying him, that Frank felt so much exasperated as his sweettempered nature could allow him to feel.

"Your way lies that way, and mine this," spoke Frank, with a commanding wave of the hand. "Good morning."

The Tiger stood still, looking after his receding footsteps. A very peculiar expression sat on his face, not altogether complimentary to Frank.

"A curious lot, these Raynors," concluded he to himself, as he turned to pursue his own way.

It was perhaps rather remarkable that Charles Raynor should also on this same day be brought into speaking contact with the Tiger for the first time. Charley's troubles were culminating to a point: at least, in so far as that he was about to be pressed for one of his debts, though he knew it not. It would come upon Charley something like a shock. Since fear, on the score of the Tiger, had subsided, he had enjoyed a complete immunity from personal annoyance; and this had lulled his apprehensions to rest; so that he went about here, there, and everywhere, feeling free as air.

He had been out in the dog-cart all the morning. Upon going in-doors on his return, by the entrance that was nearest to the stables, he, in passing the butler's pantry saw Lamb standing in it. The man made a sudden movement as though he would speak with him, and it arrested Charley.

"Do you want me, Lamb?" he asked, halting to put the question.

Lamb dropped his voice to a mysterious whisper, and Charley instinctively moved inside, and shut the door behind him. Lamb knew nearly as much about his young master's embarrassments as he himself knew.

"A party has been here this morning who wanted to see you, Mr. Charles. When I said you were out—gone up to London, I thought—he seemed as if he'd hardly believe me. I began to think I shouldn't get rid of him."

"Who was it?" asked Charles.

"It was a respectable looking man, sir. Highly respectable, one might be tempted to call him, if his errand had not been to bother for money. Being near the neighborhood, he had turned aside to Grassmere to see you, he said, and his business with you was particular. Of course I knew what it all meant, Mr. Charles, and I declared you were out, for the day and couldn't be seen though he waited till night."

"I wonder which of them it was?" mused Charley. "Did he give his name?"

"Yes, sir; Huddles. H——"

"Oh, Huddles, is it?" interrupted Charley, his mouth falling. "I'm glad I didn't see him. Is he gone for good, do you think, Lamb?"

"I should say so, sir. I fully impressed upon him that his waiting would be of no earthly use. I even said, Mr. Charles, that there was no answering for your return when you went to London, and that you might be there a week, for all I could say. I told him he had better write to you, Mr. Charles. 'Very well,' he said in answer, and went off with a rapid step; no doubt to catch the next train."

"That's all right then," said Charley, completely reassured. "Any visitors been here, Lamb?"

"Sir Philip Stane called, sir. And some ladies are in the drawing-room now. Would you like some refreshment, Mr. Charles?"

"No, I'll wait till dinner time."

But it wanted some two or three hours to dinner time yet. Presently Charles went strolling out on foot, digesting the unpleasant item of news that his father had just hastened to impart to him—the sneaking behavior (as he called it) of William Stane. Charles felt greatly vexed and annoyed at it for Alice's sake. He was sure there was a mutual attachment, and had believed that they understood each other.

Lost in reflections on this subject, and never giving as much as a thought to the matter imparted to him by Lamb, his eyes never raised, his footsteps wandering on almost as they would, Charley found himself passing along the common, on the side of the bettermost houses. Some words of salutation greeted him.

"Good afternoon, sir. A hot day again, is it not?"

They came from Miss Jetty, the carpenter's sister. She was sitting at work at her open window. Charles lifted his eyes to nod to her; and that enabled him to see some one who was approaching at a short distance. *Huddles.* Charley recognized him; and on the spur of the moment, he darted into the carpenter's to hide himself.

I hope and trust he did not see me?"

But Mr. Huddles did see him. Mr. Huddles came up with a long stride, and was inside the house almost at soon as Charley was. Charley could not pretend to be blind then. He stood just within Esther Jetty's sitting-room; and the applicant stood in the passage facing him.

"I called at Eagles' Nest to-day, Mr. Charles Raynor, and could not see you. You know of course what it was I wanted?"

Charles was taken. What with the unpleasantness of the surprise, what with the consciousness of the helpless state of his finances, and what with the proximity of Miss Esther Jetty's eyes and ears, raised in curiosity, he was turning frightfully cross. A few sharp, haughty words greeted Huddles, apparently, to him astonishment.

This application concerned one of the two "bills" given by Charley; the one on which no proceedings had as yet been taken.

"I am you meet that bill, Mr. Charles Raynor?"

"No, I can't," replied Charles. "I wrote you word that I would meet it as soon as I could; that bill and the other also; and so I will. You must wait."

"For how long, Mr. Raynor? It is inconvenient to wait."

Charles flew into a passion. But for Esther Jetty's presence, he would have managed much better; that of course behooved him to carry matters with a high hand, and he showered some abuse on Mr. Huddles in haughty language, forgetful of diplomacy. Mr. Huddles, not at all the right sort of man to be dealt with in this manner, repaid him in his own coin. Had Charles met him civilly, he would have been civil: ay, and fawning. The end was, —he held them both—had only come into his hands in the course of business. He was really respectable, both as a man and a tradesman, not accustomed to be spoken to in such a fashion, and most certainly in this instance not deserving to be. His temper rose. A short, sharp storm of words ensued, and Mr. Huddles went out of the house in anger, leaving a promise behind him.

"I have been holding the two bills over for you, Mr. Charles Raynor, and staying proceedings out of consideration for you and at your request. And this is the gratitude I get! The affair is none of mine, as you know; and what I have done has been simply out of good nature, for I was sorry to see so young a man in danger of exposure, perhaps of a debtors' prison. I will not delay the proceedings another day. The bills shall pass out of my hands, and you must do the best you can for yourself."

While Charles stood, knitting his brow and looking very foolish, staring at the front door, which still vibrated with the bang Mr. Huddles gave it, and not half liking to turn round to face Esther Jetty, the parlor door in front of him on the other side the passage opened, and the Tiger appeared at it. He must have been an ear-witness to the whole. It did not tend to decrease Charley's annoyance; and, in truth, the sudden appearance of this man upon the scene revived all Charles' suspicions of him. The Tiger's face wore quite a benevolent aspect.

"Can I be of any use to you?" he asked. "I will be if I can. Step in here, Charles Raynor, and let us talk it over."

Charley lost his head. The words only added fuel to fire. Coming from this sneak of a sheriff's officer, or whatever other disreputable thing he might be, they sounded in his ears in the light of an insult—a bit of casuistry designed to entrap him. And he treated them accordingly.

"You be of use to me!" he scornfully retorted with all the scorn he could call up. "Mind your own business, man, if you can. Don't presume to interfere with mine."

And out of the house strode Charley, banging the door in his turn, and sending a good afternoon to Esther Jetty through the open window. The Tiger shrugged his shoulders with a contemptuous gesture; as much as to say that the young man was not worth a thought and he washed his hands of him and his affairs. Charley, meeting up his slouching hat, he put it well over his brows, stood for a few minutes at the outer door, and then passed through the little gate.

"Wouldn't you like your tea, sir?" called out Esther Jetty from the window. "I was just about to get it."

"Presently," replied the Tiger.

Meanwhile Charles Raynor was striding towards home, full of bitter repentance. All the folly of his recent conduct was presenting itself before him.

"I wish I had met the fellow differently!" he cried, alluding to Huddles. "There'll be no more staving off now. A day or two, and they'll be down upon me. I think I was a fool! What a to-do there'll be at home! How on earth will the money be found?—and what will be the upshot?"

Indeed, it seemed that, with one thing and another, Eagles' nest was not altogether comfortable. Most of its inmates had some secret trouble to try them. And yet it was not twelve months since they had entered upon it, all glee and joy, believing their days there would be delightful as in a second Paradise!

The same afternoon but one, Saturday, brought William Stane. Alice chanced to be in the shrubbery, and met him. His countenance proved that he felt vexed, doubtful, ill at ease. Instead of the tender glance and smile that had been bent to greet Alice, he had a grave eye and knitted brow. The look angered her, even more than had the reported words of Sir Philip on the Thursday before.

What precisely passed between them perhaps neither could afterwards clearly recall. He said something about how sorry he was that their happy intercourse should have been marred: she interrupted him with a sharp and haughty word. William Stane retorted; and things were spoken between them, in the moment's anger, that could never be unsaid nor qualified. Prejudiced by his father's account of the unsatisfactory interview with the Major, he had come, naturally inclined to espouse his father's side; Alice on her part upheld their own. The end, indeed was the scene, but it was a decisive one.

"I am sorry to have been so mistaken in you, Miss Raynor," he said, turning to depart. "No great harm has, however, been done."

"None," returned Alice. "Fare you well."

He raised his hat without speaking, and the echoes of his retreating footsteps died away in the shrubbery.

Thus they parted. The fault being at least as much Alice's as his. Whether he had come to smooth matters, to repudiate the flat Sir Philip had pronounced, Alice knew not, but she did not not allow him the opportunity. If the possession of Eagles' Nest had taught nothing else to Major Raynor's children, it was the passing along the common, on the side of the bettermost houses. Some words of salutation greeted him.

"Good afternoon, sir. A hot day again, is it not?"

They came from Miss Jetty, the carpenter's sister. She was sitting at work at her open window. Charles lifted his eyes to nod to her; and that enabled him to see some one who was approaching at a short distance. *Huddles.* Charley recognized him; and on the spur of the moment, he darted into the carpenter's to hide himself.

I hope and trust he did not see me?"

But Mr. Huddles did see him. Mr. Huddles came up with a long stride, and was inside the house almost at soon as Charley was. Charley could not pretend to be blind then. He stood just within Esther Jetty's sitting-room; and the applicant stood in the passage facing him.

"I called at Eagles' Nest to-day, Mr. Charles Raynor, and could not see you. You know of course what it was I wanted?"

Charles was taken. What with the unpleasantness of the surprise, what with the consciousness of the helpless state of his finances, and what with the proximity of Miss Esther Jetty's eyes and ears, raised in curiosity, he was turning frightfully cross. A few sharp, haughty words greeted Huddles, apparently, to him astonishment. This application concerned one of the two "bills" given by Charley; the one on which no proceedings had as yet been taken.

"I am you meet that bill, Mr. Charles Raynor?"

"No, I can't," replied Charles. "I wrote you word that I would meet it as soon as I could; that bill and the other also; and so I will. You must wait."

"For how long, Mr. Raynor? It is inconvenient to wait."

Charles flew into a passion. But for Esther Jetty's presence, he would have managed much better; that of course behooved him to carry matters with a high hand, and he showered some abuse on Mr. Huddles in haughty language, forgetful of diplomacy. Mr. Huddles, not at all the right sort of man to be dealt with in this manner, repaid him in his own coin. Had Charles met him civilly, he would have been civil: ay, and fawning. The end was, —he held them both—had only come into his hands in the course of business. He was really respectable, both as a man and a tradesman, not accustomed to be spoken to in such a fashion, and most certainly in this instance not deserving to be. His temper rose. A short, sharp storm of words ensued, and Mr. Huddles went out of the house in anger, leaving a promise behind him.

"I have been holding the two bills over for you, Mr. Charles Raynor, and staying proceedings out of consideration for you and at your request. And this is the gratitude I get! The affair is none of mine, as you know; and what I have done has been simply out of good nature, for I was sorry to see so young a man in danger of exposure, perhaps of a debtors' prison. I will not delay the proceedings another day. The bills shall pass out of my hands, and you must do the best you can for yourself."

While Charles stood, knitting his brow and looking very foolish, staring at the front door, which still vibrated with the bang Mr. Huddles gave it, and not half liking to turn round to face Esther Jetty, the parlor door in front of him on the other side the passage opened, and the Tiger appeared at it. He must have been an ear-witness to the whole. It did not tend to decrease Charley's annoyance; and, in truth, the sudden appearance of this man upon the scene revived all Charles' suspicions of him. The Tiger's face wore quite a benevolent aspect.

"Can I be of any use to you?" he asked. "I will be if I can. Step in here, Charles Raynor, and let us talk it over."

Charley lost his head. The words only added fuel to fire. Coming from this sneak of a sheriff's officer, or whatever other disreputable thing he might be, they sounded in his ears in the light of an insult—a bit of

hook, opposite to it was a low open bookcase. The chimney-piece was low and modern, its hearth was filled with ferns, its large glass reflected the room and its furniture. Frank, standing close, could see in it the breakfast table and the remains, with the stand of fresh flowers in the middle.

While waiting for the coffee, which had to be made, Charley leaned against the side of the window, half indoors, half out, whistling softly and keeping a good lookout around, lest any Philistine should approach him unawares. This illness of his father's complicated matters frightfully. In the midst of Charley's worst apprehensions there had lain, deep down in his heart, a vista of possible refuge. He had been wont to whisper to himself, "When things come to a crisis, my father will find a way to help me;" and the hope had been to his spirit as so much healing balm. But his father, lying in this state, could not be applied to; and if Charley fell into some of the clutches now, what on earth was he to do?

Whistling, softly and unconsciously, a dolorous tune, Charley indulged in these highly agreeable reflections. His mother had not come downstairs at all. Alice had gone up to Daisy; Kate and Mademoiselle were reading French under the distant walnut tree. Only Frank was there.

"I do think I can smell haymaking!" cried Charley suddenly.

"Yes," assented Frank. "Some fields are down."

"Is it not early for it?"

"We have had an early season."

No more was said. There flashed into Charley's mind a remembrance of the day he had first seen Eagles' Nest; when he had stood as one of the windows, though not this one, gazing out at the charming scenery, at the lovely flowers; inhaling their perfume, and that of the new-mown hay. Association of ideas is potent, and probably that scent of the hay had brought the day to his memory now. Barely a twelvemonth had passed since then; and how many alterations had changed! He had believed then perfect peace, ease, prosperity must inevitably attend them. as the possessors of Eagles' Nest; he remembered picturing to himself the calamity that would have been had the beautiful place passed into others' hands. But he had lived to learn that care and worry could penetrate even there.

"There's the postman!" cried Charley. And glad, probably, of the interruption to his thoughts, he went out, and crossed the lawn to meet the man.

"Only one letter this morning," he exclaimed, coming back, with his eyes fixed on it. "I say, Frank, what is to be done? It is from old Street, and he has put 'immediate' on it."

"You had better open the letter yourself, I should say, Charles; my uncle cannot," said Frank decisively.

"I wonder what he has to write about: it is not often we hear from him. Nothing particular, I daresay; the good old father has not, I am sure, a secret in the world. Or—do you think," said Charley, his face lighting with eager hope, "that the money can have turned up? What a glorious thought! Yes, I will open it."

He broke the seal of the lawyer's letter. At that moment Lamb came in with the fresh coffee. Frank, standing against the mantel-piece, watched the man put it down; he stayed to set two or three things in order on the table before he went out again. As the door closed, Frank's glance chanced to stray to Charley's face.

What was the matter with it? The eager flush of hope had been succeeded by a look of dismay: nay, almost of horror. The letter seemed to be shaking. Charley was reading it twice over, growing paler all the while.

"Can it be a hoax?" he cried, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, as he held the letter out. "It cannot be true."

Frank took the letter. There was no help for it. But a spasm seized upon his heart. When we are nourishing some great dread, any new and unexplained event seems to bear upon it. His fears had flown back to that dreadful night at Trennach.

But the letter proved not to be connected with that. The news it brought was of a nature perfectly open and tangible. Frank's own fears gave place to consternation and dismay as he read the lawyer's words; dismay for his uncle's sake.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just received a very painful rumor, and I think it my duty to communicate it to you. It would that the will, under which you succeeded to Mrs. Atkinson's estate, proves to have been worthless; a fresh will having been discovered. By this latter will, it is Mr. George Atkinson who inherits Eagles' Nest. My informant is one to fear, authentic; but I do not yet know particulars.

This is but a brief note to convey such tidings, but the evening post is on the eve of going out, and I do not care to delay it. I will have run down, instead of writing, but am not equal to it, having for the past week or two been confined to the house.

Believe me, dear sir,
Sincerely yours,
JOHN STREET.

Major Raynor.

They stood looking at one another, Charles and Frank, with questioning eyes and dismayed faces. Could it be true? No, surely it could not be. The lawyer, in spite of the boasted authenticity of his information, must have been misinformed.

So thought, so spoke Charles. "You see," cried he, "he speaks of it first as a rumor."

But Frank, in spite of his sanguine nature, regarded the information differently. He began looking at portions of the letter again, and did not answer.

"Can't you speak, Frank?"

"Charley, I fear this is true. Street would never have written this dismal news to your father while there was any doubt about it."

"But it has no right to be true; it ought not be true," disputed Charley in his dreadful perplexity. "Who is George Atkinson that he should inherit Eagles' Nest? The fellow lives at the other end of the world. In Australia, or somewhere. Frank, it is not likely. It would be a frightful injustice; a cruel shame. It has been ours for twelve months; who will wrest it from us now?"

"Charley, we must keep this letter to ourselves until we know more. I am almost glad my uncle is ill; it would have shocked him so——"

"And how long will it be before we do know more?" broke in Charles, who was in a humor for finding fault with everybody, especially the lawyer. "Street ought to have come down, no matter at what inconvenience. A pretty state of suspense, this, to be placed in!"

"Drink your coffee, Charley."

"Coffee!" Oh, I don't want it now."

The unfortunate news left Charles no inclination for coffee. Of all the calamities, falling or threatened, that had been making him so uneasy, this was the worst. The worst? The rest were as light mishaps in the balance. Frank, with all his sunny-heartedness, could imagine no comfort. The only possible ray of comfort to be discerned lay in the hope that the tidings would turn out not to be true. A hope which grew fainter with every minute's thought.

To remain in this suspense was nothing less than torture. It was hastily decided between them that Frank should go up to town, see Mr. Street, and learn more. He had no scruple in doing this; Major Raynor was decidedly better; in no immediate danger, as Frank believed; and Dr. Selfe was close at hand in case of need.

Frank lost no time; hastening to the station, and looking in on Dr. Selfe on his way, to explain that important business was calling him for a few hours to London. Mr. Street's residence was near Euston Square, and his offices were in the same house. The morning was well advanced when Frank got there and was shown into the lawyer's presence. He seemed to look less genial than of yore, as he sat sideways at a table covered with papers, his right foot on a rest; his hair was certainly more scanty; his light eyes, seen so clearly through his spectacles, were colder. Frank, who, as it chanced, had never seen him, thought what a little man he looked.

"Ah, yes; a sad affair," he remarked, as Frank in a few words introduced himself and his business. "Very embarrassing for the Major."

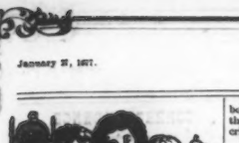
"But I should hope it cannot be true, Mr. Street?"

"That what cannot be true?—that there's a later will in existence? Oh, that is true enough. And the Major has got an attack, you say? Misfortunes never come alone."

"May I ask how the fact—that there's a later will—has come to your knowledge?"

Mr. Street turned over a few of the papers on the table, and took up a letter from amidst them. "I had this note from my brother, the banker, yesterday afternoon," he said, running his eyes over it. "It tells me that a will of later date than the one by which Major Raynor holds Eagles' Nest, has been produced, leaving the estate to Mr. George Atkinson. George Atkinson is on his homeward voyage now from Australia, to take possession of the property."

"What a mercy if the ship should go down with him!" thought Frank in his disgust, as he



Johnny's Experiment.

We call him Johnny, although that was not his name. He is a man now, and might not like to see his name in print. When he was about four years old he was sent into the country to spend the summer, and to keep him out of mischief he was sent to the district school.

Johnny was a wide-awake, active youngster, fond of trying experiments, in his way, to "see what it would do" as he said.

At first he was amused by watching the boys and girls as they studied or recited their lessons. This lasted about half a day, and then he looked around for something new.

Presently he noticed a round hole in the rough bench on which he was sitting. It was near the middle of the bench, and was where one of the legs had fallen out. It was in an old fashioned country schoolhouse, where the benches were made of slabs or planks, with round sticks put through them for legs.

It was hot weather, and all the boys including Johnny, had their coats off. "I wonder what it would do to put my arm through that hole" thought he, and immediately he tried it. The children laughed to see the little fat hand and arm below the bench, and Johnny was delighted that he had attracted the attention. He would astonish them by showing how far he could thrust it through, so by considerable crowding he managed to push it clear above the elbow. And now he found himself in a trap. His arm was swollen by the pressure that he could not pull it out, and so he was held fast.

How to get him out was a puzzle. After trying various means, the teacher sent for a neighbor, who released him in the following way: First he sawed the bench off on each side of the hole, leaving a big block like a bracelet fast on Johnny's arm.

Poor boy, he looked like a criminal as he marched out of the school-room and up the road. He was finally released by carefully splitting the block, and before getting into a fit again, he usually looked to see whether he could easily get out.

THE COASTING DOG.

Once there was a young "skoswas" of a boy, named Jim, who had a big Newfoundland dog that he called Major. He was a very black, curly, handsome dog, good-natured and full of fun, as you know—and loved fun as well as his master—and his master loved it better than molasses candy. He loved a joke, too, for once when he was trotting along to the Post Office with a basket in his mouth, as he had been taught to do, for the mail, a little snarling cur ran out at him, barking with all might. He had bothered Major often before, and this time the old fellow dropped his basket and caught the little cur right around the back in his great mouth, picked him up and carried him about ten rods and dropped him. It would have made you laugh to see that little snarling pup go howling for home, with his tail hugged tight between his legs.

Well, one winter Jim used to coast every day. The hill was just glassy, and the sleds zipped down swift as an arrow. Major went out out with the boys, and he could keep up with them very well climbing the hill, but when they started down, they soon left him way behind. He didn't like to sit still, and so when Jim left his sled to go to supper—after he had been called as usual three times, once by Maggie, the girl, who hollered: "Mauther Jamie! supper is ready, shure, coom in in the wairm air!"—once by his mother, who said: "Jim-*me!* come-to-supper-this minnit!"—and last by his father, who just said: "Jim!" and crooked his thumb toward the house in a way that let Jim know something else would crook if he didn't mind—Major waited outside. When his little master was stuffing himself with baked potatoes and brown bread, the dog took the rope in his teeth and dragged the sled up the little hill.

When he got to the top, he stopped, turned the sled around, as he had seen the boys do, and then began to think—as much as to say: "Ought a dog to slide belly-bunt, or side-fashion or sitting up?" He didn't know whether to steer with his tail, or his fore feet, or his hind feet. But slide he must; so he bumped on, caught the rope in his teeth, and started down, letting the sled steer itself, while he sat up and watched the fun. Down, down it went. Major banging on, but looking pretty well satisfied, just as the sled got near the "jounce," at the bottom, going like a run-away horse, Jim came out and you never saw a boy so astonished. He puckered up his mouth and let out an "O-h-h-h!" as long as one of the icicles on the shed. The "jounce" threw Major off heels over head in front of the sled, and he got caught between the runners and pushed into a deep snow drift, with just his mouth and eyes and ears full, and made him as white as a sheep all over.

When Jim saw that Major wasn't hurt, he laughed and roared, and called the dog into the back door where his mother was, and said:

"Here's a feller that's been running away with my sled, and coasting; and the sled ran away with him, and dusted him good. I guess you'd better brush him off, and see if his feet are wet, and toast his shins before the grate, and tell him he can't go out again to-night."

And when his mamma found it was the dog she saw the joke, and laughed, too, and let Jim stay out half an hour later, and didn't tell him to "Be careful!" and "Don't get cold," and "Be sure you come in on time!" and "Don't go near the hill till you learn to steer," over seventeen times. Wasn't she an uncommonly good mamma?—*The Golden Rule.*

A BRIGHT PARROT.

A lady had a gray parrot of four years old that learned new words and sentences every day, and made surprisingly correct application of them. Enjoying perfect freedom, he would sometimes indulge in the expensive luxury of mischief, upon which his mistress would scold him, when he would indignantly reply, "Not a naughty Poll," "Not a bold, bad bird;" and entreaty, and reiterate, with stamping of his right foot and an up-and-down movement of his body: "I am not—I am not." When she praised him he would tell her that she was a darling, and that he loved her. He was very jealous of attentions paid to children, and when he saw them caressed would cry: "Go away, bold girl!" or, "Go away, bold boy!" using the terms boy and girl with accurate discrimination.

He remembered every name that he heard, and applied it correctly to the person. Once seeing a visitor without a dog he was accustomed to have with him, he called the dog by name and whistled for him, although neither the gentleman nor his dog had been at the house for some months. He would mimic a visitor's taking off coat or shawl, as if trying to divest himself of his wings, and no one laughed more heartily at his performances than he did himself. He would play with the cats till tired of them, and then whistle for the dogs to chase them away. He was often allowed to go out of doors, and the crows would fly away in alarm from a tree where he got upon it, he calling "Good morning" after them with great apparent delight.

MUCH FROM LITTLE

One never knows when he may be setting a revolution in motion, or by some simple act, changing the whole course of great enterprises and events. What novelist ever imagined so wild a fancy as that a maiden combing her hair should give an idea which resulted in the invention of a machine wholly changing the method of an important industry and adding immensely to its value. Yet such incidents have occurred, the following being a notable instance:

Eli Whitney, engaged in the cotton manufacture at Mulhouse, in Alsace, was long meditating on the possibility of inventing a combing machine for long-staple cotton, the carding machine until then employed being better suited for cotton having a short staple. He tried, and tried again, and impoverished himself by preparing machines and models, which failed to realize the intended purpose. Brooding over the matter one evening he watched his daughters combing their hair, and noticed (perhaps for the first time *really* noticed how they drew the long tresses between their fingers, alternately with drawing the comb through them. The thought struck him, that if he could successfully imitate by a machine this twofold action, so as to comb out the long fibres of cotton, and draw them off clear above the pressure that he could not pull it out, and so he was held fast.

How to get him out was a puzzle. After trying various means, the teacher sent for a neighbor, who released him in the following way: First he sawed the bench off on each side of the hole, leaving a big block like a bracelet fast on Johnny's arm.

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WE cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, were it only to teach us sympathy.

HERE AND THERE.

PUNCH, in his dictionary, gives the definition of the word "conscience": "My rule for another man's conduct."

NEWARK *Call*: Newark ticket speculators have changed their tune. They now call out "Here's your choice seats, right alongside the door!"

WHITTIER thinks fifty dollars a year ought to dress any woman. Certainly. Five dresses for less than that. But it was before the fall set in.—*Graphic.*

A CALIFORNIA paper says in its notice of a wedded pair: "May they be surrounded by that well-spring of happiness which is the crowning glory of a felicitous union."

THAT meteor last week is regarded by the Second Adventists as a sure sign that the beginning of the end has begun, but they hold their corner lots at the same old price.

"THOUGHT I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a barroom. "No necessity for that," said the barkeeper, "we know exactly how much you hold."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a Missourian left his home and started out to become President of the United States. That boy is now one of the best shoemakers in the Ohio State Prison.

"EXCUSE me, madam; but I should like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady at a party. "Oh! I beg pardon, sir. I took you for my husband."

A SHEET of writing paper ten miles long was recently turned out in a Massachusetts mill. Alexander Stephens evidently intends writing a short letter to his constituents.—*Boston Transcript.*

SANTA CLAUS endeavored to fill a Chicago girl's stocking Sunday night, but in consequence of an accident to the grain elevator, which he had specially engaged for the purpose, he was compelled to abandon the enterprise.—*Hawkeye.*

THE new invention of sending photographs by telegraph is very simple. If you are anxious to get your rich uncle's photograph by telegraph, ask him by wire to send you a check for $5,000 and see how quick his negative will come back.

A gentleman standing on the Bowdy House steps this morning was accosted by a boot-black in this manner: "Shine, sur?" "No." "Shine 'em quick, sur. Don't in three different establishments, I shine 'em creamy-cratic and greenback." He got the job.

A MAN named Josephus Rhodenheim, a waycross druggist, died a sudden death one day and in washing through the crooked streets of that city his name lagged so far behind, and got so awfully twisted out of shape in turning corners, that he had to take it to a blacksmith shop and have it straightened out.—*Norristown Herald.*

HE was a gloomy, taciturn man, but so sensitively organized that in lifting a hat he invariably took it up by the tail, for fear of injuring its brain. He was laughed at his fellow, but he retained her equanimity, saying: "Mariar, do you remember the golden rule. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."—*Brooklyn Argus.*

ONE single paragraph in Herbert Spencer's essay on "Primitive Marriages," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, contains these words "endogamy," "exogamy," "polygamy," "monogamy," "polyandry," "patriarchism," and "agnatism." Think of a man being caught out alone with that many in some country town, and no Unabridged Dictionary within forty miles.

"A KISS," says a writer, "is a seal expressing a sincere attachment—a token of future union—a present taking the impression on an ivory coral press—criticon balm for love-wounded hearts." We had no idea that a kiss, when dressed, would prove such a simple thing. Imagine a young man with a bide nis girl asleo on the front step at three o'clock A. M. on Monday, during which time she is about to close the door, to snatch some criticon balsam for a love-wounded heart." And a girl might ast her lover for some of that balsam right before the old folks, and they would think it was a new kind of gumdrop.—*Norristown Herald.*

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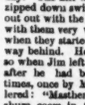

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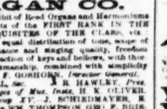

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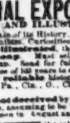

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THE FASHIONS.

We regret to record in the present state of the weather that there is a marked tendency to frizzled skirts over the promenade.

This is not a usual fashion, and we strongly advise our readers if they follow it to at least provide themselves with dress loopers.

Stripes have superseded the plaids of last season almost entirely.

Striped woolen goods being used in combination with silks and even velvet material.

A very pretty combination suit, made of these two last was shown us.

The underskirt being of deep maroon-tinted silk and made plainly, having only a narrow pleated frill, scarcely being wide enough to call a flounce at the bottom.

The overdress was of *Limousine* and had a gray ground, upon which were inch-wide stripes of maroon color.

This overdress was made polonaise and buttoned diagonally across the front ending on the left side just above the pocket.

A deep knotted fringe trimmed the bottom and was headed by two bias folds, one of gray silk the other of maroon color.

The pocket was of maroon-colored silk, edged at the bottom with the knotted fringe.

The cuffs for the sleeves and collar for the neck were also of maroon-colored silk.

A charming hat to be worn with it was of maroon and gray silk, with a ruching of same, from feathers about the crown and two long ostrich feathers—one gray and the other maroon color, falling one over the crown towards the front; the other towards the back.

Long scarf strings of fine black lace were attached to the back of the hat and brought forward under the chin.

An elegant opera cloak of cream-colored *Mazeline* silk was shown us.

It was quite long, reaching to the knees of the wearer, and had a deeply knotted fringe trimming it.

Long, square hanging sleeves, lined with cream-colored silk, and trimmed at the bottom up the open inner seams with the same heavy knitted silk were attached.

A "butterfly" bow, of cream colored *faille* ribbon was placed on each sleeve at the shoulder joining.

A very long pointed hood of cream-colored *faille*, ending at the bottom in a *passementerie* rosette and tassel, under which were long loops of *faille* ribbon fitted handsomely the back of this garment.

Two more of these *passementerie* rosettes were placed at intervals up the hood, the last being near the top.

A drawing house dress was shown us of *Cashmere de l'Inde*.

The color was dark grey. The lower skirts being made with one deep flounce set on in box plaits surmounted by a short one of silk pleated and cast in points.

A deep tunnic-polonaise was trimmed with a pointed and pleated frill of silk similar to that upon the lower skirt, and headed by a small standing ruffle of the same.

This polonaise opened straight in front until the waist or belt was reached, when a diagonal turn was made to the right, ending just above a deep plaid pocket of silk set on midway between the belt-line and the edge of the polonaise.

The plain coat sleeves had pointed ruffles turning towards the wrist and also towards the elbow trimed by a band of silk in the centre.

A double ruching of silk pleated on, surrounded the neck, and defined the opening.

A pleating of silk was set on down the left side, and confined the four or five folds which were taken in front to drape the garment.

The drapery in the back commenced some distance below the waist-line, and was not very full or elaborate.

A very neat jacket for a child was shown in the navy blue cloth, trimmed with wide, basket braid of mingled silk and wool.

It was cut long, and had the lower edge in square flaps, each defined by a row of the braid.

The loose coat sleeve and small cape had rows of braid for trimming. Large buttons of vegetable ivory closed the front.

HOSE AND SHOES.

Any style of hair-dressing is now admissible.

Ulster overcoats for ladies are all the rage.

Scarlet and black felt petticoats are much worn.

A pretty *bagpipe* for elderly ladies is a half-handkerchief of fine white or black lace, tied over the hair loosely, and fastened beneath the chin.

Old fashioned reticules of black velvet lined with cardinal-colored silk are affected by some capricious dames.

High combs, surmounted with jet or steel, are still worn.

Slippers of fine kid or bronze, embroidered in many colored silks, are fashionable for house-wear.

Kettle-drums still hold sway among the fashionable folk.

Cardinal red is losing prestige.

Small buttons are quite the passee.

Long gauntlet gloves are much in use these cold days.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Collis day for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have seen such a neat

TRAVELING CASE

for carrying comb, brush, tooth-brush, scissors, etc., that we think it quite worth while giving a description of it.

The model was made of fine brown linen, three-quarters of a yard of material, thirty-six inches wide, being necessary. A piece of dark blue alpaca braid, and these were all the requisites needed.

The foundation piece was about six-eighths of a yard in length, two-eighths wide, and was square at one end and semi-circular rounded at the other.

Next cut a piece to form a pocket on the straight end of your strip, two-eighths in length and seven inches in depth. Fit this upon the straight end, first turning the top of it with the braid.

Cut two or three more such strips of different widths, and lay them on your foundation piece, always remembering to bind the upper edge of each, until the rounded portion is reached, when the pocket for that end must be cut to fit it.

Stitch the two central flaps through the middle horizontally, for the formation of pockets for soap, etc.

Stitch another one longitudinally for the reception of comb and tooth brush, leaving both sides open, that is upper and lower sides. Bind all around the entire case with the braid and put a loop or button on the end of the semi-rounded flap, and a corresponding button on the middle of the square end; or, if preferred, a couple of tape or ribbon strings may be attached to the centre of the straight flap, and when the cape is rolled up they around it to keep it in place.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. L. Green.—The different brands of muslin most commonly used for undersleeving are the Forestdale Mills, Wamsutta, the New York Mills the Lonsdale and Fruit of the Loom. You can procure all kinds of underclothing ready-made at the most reasonable rates, however, so that it is really cheaper to buy such things ready-made. We can purchase anything you desire in that line on receipt of price. We can send a price list.

A Constant Reader.—The dyeing of your hair would involve much trouble and some expense, and perhaps injure it, since you wish to bleach as well as dye it. Why not be content with the color nature gave you?

Lucy and Vic.—We counsel you not to have anything to do with such stupid things. Answering advertisements of a matrimonial nature is a dangerous game, and one sure to bring trouble on silly girls who engage in it. In regard to the turning of your alpaca and mohair dresses, do so by all means, and wear them bravely, since you cannot afford to buy new ones. That will show good sense.

NEMO.

A LOST HOUR.

A golden hour on a sunny morn,
When half the world is still,
The dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,
And the bridal veil of the fair young day
Hung o'er the purple hill.

The sheep bells tinkle across the slopes,
Sweet as olden chime;
Butterflies flitted all part the dawn,
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content,
Blended natural, o'erspread the land;
The winds sighed low, and the lark sang high,
But the golden hours of my love went by
And drifted out of reach.

We both went back to an eager life;
But in its pause to-day
The gleam of that golden hour returns,
And my gentle spirit frets and yearns
For one chance swept away.

The years creep on and the heart grows tired
Even of being tired;
And turns away from the world's strong wine
With feverish lips that must crave pine
For the pure draught we spilled.

And yet perchance when our long days wane
And age has its joys into born;
We shall meet beyond the green hill-side,
And find, in the solemn even-tide,
The hour we lost at noon.

A RING IN OPALS.

In the autumn of 1866 I chanced to be traveling in that vast and roadless forest, which stretches between the gold country of Mosquito and the mountains of Camaaya. My sole companion was a handsome but headstrong peon, who regaled me from time to time with the story of his exploits in the filibuster war. I gathered that he was a Honduran, and had served under Guardiola, the "Tiger of Honduras," as people called him. Such a service is no recommendation, but he did his duty well towards me.

On a dull and sombre evening, after a long march under the endless shadow of the forest, we came to a rancho, all lonely and ruinous. We stood in a little clearing, where once, no doubt, had been a garden. Wild cane and creepers and convolvulus overgrew it now, for the merciless war of these unhappy countries had passed by the spot. There we decided to halt for the night. Guliermo led the cattle off for water and grass, since mules will not eat corn, and I tore down a yard or two of laths to build my fire. Scarcely had the wood lighted, when my ears caught a dull thud of horses' hoofs. I slipped quietly aside. In another moment two strangers appeared amongst the trees, vague and misty in the twilight. They halted instantly, observing my saddles and packages. The foremost drew his pistol, and cried in Mexican Spanish, "Who is here?"

"Gente de Paz!" I returned from my tree.

"Nary durned thief in this land but calls himself a man of peace!" muttered the second horseman.

I stepped forward. "You are American?" I asked, and held out my flask straightway.

"Thanks!" replied the chief man, in English unmistakable, "We have some Bourbon you'll be glad to taste. And if you're no objection, we'll join camps, for the storm is coming down." Without more words he pushed through the oil-plants and the canes towards me.

I never saw a face that good Queen Bess might better have loved to look upon. His brown were strongly marked, and his eyes bore the keen, strong gaze of a lion. Handsome features, too, had the stranger, but those eyes so drew attention, that one scarcely marked the rest. His costume was striking: a short, heavy jacket of Guatemalan fur, a cockpit with a gaudy check and a long parti-colored fringe; trousers of strong linen, girt with a belt of red leather in which hung pistol and knife; long boots, with spurs of silver weighing each a pound. His horse was superbly caparisoned. I thought to recognize the class of man. I judged him that peculiar product of the States, a sportsman, or, as we should say, gambler. The other one was evidently a servant, and he proceeded to his duties, whilst the master sat upon a log, and aided me with supper.

The dusk settled swiftly down whilst we talked. Presently, Guliermo's white dress glimmered among the trees. He came towards the fire silently, surveying with critical eye the three horses munching their corn beside it. Our new comrade turned, so that the moto could see his features. For an instant he stood motionless, gazing wildeyed; then, with an inarticulate cry, sprang forward, his machete upraised, and every white tooth gleaming under his moustache. I leaped in front, as did the stranger's servant. We threw Guliermo down, and tied him fast with a halter, he raving and biting the while. The frightened horses plunged at their lariats; Jake swore without intermission; flaming embers were thrown about; but through all the confusion the lion-like eyes never fixed derisively upon my negro. He screamed with all the violence of Creole passion; but when we had tied him fast, and, looking up, he met that laughing gaze, his voice gradually sank to silence.

"Cast him loose, Jake!" said the chief; and his servant obeyed.

Guliermo rose up sullenly, and stood glaring.

"You've an unlucky hand, hombre!" said the other. "This is your third chance, and I'm still alive. When you machete strike, we hit, eh? Have the scars healed on your back?"

"Filibustero de los diables!" yelled the Indian, snatching a heavy brand from the fire. He hurled it with all his force. The other stepped aside, and the log fell against a tree, breaking in a rain of sparks. With a last savage curse upon us all, the moto dashed into the forest.

We sat down to supper, and I asked point-blank: "You were a filibuster?"

Jake whispered in my ear, "Colonel Hutchins, of the Nicaraguan Rangers!"

I looked with interest at this soldier of fortune, famous in the troubled annals of the country. All believed him to be dead, and the plaw of his murder had been pointed out to me, in a lonely copse behind Juigalpa. I said as much, and he laughed.

"That was Guliermo's second miss," he answered. "After the massacre of the rangers, I escaped. Jake was ill in Omaste-pec. Your mosa was then a brilliant aide-de-camp of Guardiola's, and he had a trifling grudge against me. Luckily, an Indian's gratitude is as strong as an Indian's hate, and if one enemy tracked me to kill, another followed to save. Major Gondijo, as he was called then, found me asleep under a tree, and he came mighty near to a successful murder. But the good Samaritan arrived in time."

"What was your quarrel with Guliermo?" I asked, bluntly.

"I was a private of his at El Sauce, and I saved a girl from the brute. That night Munez attacked, and drove the Hondurans out of Segovia. In the rout I caught Gondijo, tied him up, and gave him fifty lashes. That girl's old father was the good Samaritan I spoke of."

In the jungle one is not free to choose one's comrades, nor is it either safe or practicable to travel alone with baggage. I joined company with Colonel Hutchins, who was on his way to Segovia. After some days he told me his story, and invited me to take part in it. That I could not do, but my warmest sympathies followed this terrible adventurer. Companion more delightful I never met, and nothing will persuade me that the deeds of ferocity attributed to him are other than vile fictions.

It appears that the Indian, whose daughter he had saved, did not consider himself quite by nursing his benefactor. He imparted to him the secret of a fortune. "In the wildest district of Segovia," said he, "guided by such and such landmarks, you will find a mine of opals, pure water, not the yellow sort, called Honduran. I know it because my father told me, as his father told him. No white man has ever seen it. There is danger, but I cannot tell you of what sort."

At the time Colonel Hutchins dared not show himself by daylight through the five republics. But he never forgot the old Indian's story, and after many wanderings, he had ventured back at length.

After many days of pleasant travel, we parted on the lake shore, with promises of correspondence which were never fulfilled on either side. Some twelve months after, through my agents at San Juan del Norte, I received a curious package. Nothing more strangely beautiful have I ever beheld than the gems enclosed. It was about as large as one's fist, clear as glass, but full of unearthly lights. Broad rays of color, blue and orange and crimson, shot from it. Even as a diamond—and it was much less brilliant, of course, but broader and steadier. I showed it to several jewel merchants, who had seen small bits like it, but none to compare for size or beauty. This stone was lost in the burning of the Pantechnicon. No word accompanied it, but I had no doubt that Colonel Hutchins was the donor.

The other day, in Regent street, I came face to face upon Jake, the small, crabbed Yankee who acted as the filibuster's servant. He hailed me as a friend in the wilderness, and from him I learned these details I am about to set before you. Jake is here on his master's account, and leaves by the next Royal Mail steamer.

After quitting me, the pair journeyed, without incident, to the lonely district pointed out. I am not at liberty to describe it further. There they sought landmarks among the bleak and barren hills of Segovia. After some search they were led to the foot of a rolling slope; miles long it was, sweeping with ridge and furrow half-way to the zenith. The short, fine grass upon it was burnt gray; under that and long vegetables of huge size all vanished, and the hill seemed to roll in one smooth sweep heavenward. There should have been a tree; but, for leagues about, not a sapling could be found. Nothing but the filibusters rode on and up, Jake grumbling and jeering at his master, who laughed. Suddenly, after half-an-hour's travel, he reined up and pointed. Far away to the left, behind a smooth swell of the innumerable hillocks, they saw a gap, and in it a darker shade of leaves.

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"That set my blood dancing," said Jake, "for I could thither, and as they went the gap vanished and reappeared. But at each glimpse it grew wider. After many turns and windings they reached the kloof, as South African would call it. Hills steep up boldly on either side, turning suddenly to the right at a hundred yards' distance. All the space between was full of tangled shrubs. Horses could not enter; and it was late. They camped by the cold tree which had fallen. During the night strange sounds arose, sighing and moaning of the wind in that narrow cleft.

At dawn they began exploring. A little stream ran through the bush. It was dry, and they used its bed. Going on, the jungle grew thicker. Big trunks of cotton-wood and mahogany crowded to the bank. So tall and so huge they rose, the jungle became so dense, that the towering hills were quite lost. Master and servant debated whether to cut a track outwards and strike the plain, but they decided to keep on. Presently the stream led through real forest, dusky and shadowed. They walked in twilight, though the sun was high.

On a sudden, Hutchins threw himself back with a cry. On the low bank before him sat a spectre. For the instant even he was startled; then, laughingly, he struck the thing, and it toppled crashing down. A glittering ball pitched between Jake's feet. They sat down to examine it.

The thing was evidently a human skull, encrusted with turquois garnets, and glistening black shale. (Two skulls thus ornamented may be seen in the Christy Collection at Victoria-street. But the eyes have as yet defied all analysis.) The latter subdued, in tiny flakes, shiny blue-black jet. A few rotted teeth remained in the jaw.

It was the eyes of this extraordinary mask which had startled Hutchins. Huge white opals they were, in which a gleaming red spark played devilishly. Jake was half frightened, even now, with the ghastly object in his lap.

It had stood upon a skeleton, rudely fashioned of reeds by some Indian who knew that the filibuster's blow had almost knocked it into powder. One outstretched arm fell into the stream-bed.

A few feet of clear ground there were where this thing had been set up. After examing all the neighborhood, the adventurers took their breakfast there, silent and thoughtful. The pipe lit in meditation, Hutchins said his usual sonorous comment on Jake's report—"Hev'yer marked arything extraordinary, sergeant, beside that preparation of bones?"

"I hev, sir!" answered Jake.

"What most that be now?" continued the master.

"I've marked a creek, kurnel, as is a miracle!"

"A fairish show o' water ran in it last, night, eh?"

"That's so! And now nary drain."

"An' what do your experience make o' that?"

"May-be there's beavers here; if not, there's human find'ans can build a dam."

Whilst finishing their pipes, they silently thought the situation over. Such woodmen do not require to consult before a simple danger like this. Neither seems to have once entertained the idea of returning. Said Hutchins, when they rose: "I guess the land rises towards the other side?"

"I guess so!" answered Jake.

So he slung the skull behind him, and they took machetes in hand to cut through the wood at right angles away from the stream. About an hour and a half of steady progress brought them to the edge. No trace of people or of cultivation did they find. But the hill rose a sheer cliff, as high as they could see. They followed the base along cutting. Gradually the hill lowered; but presently Hutchins nearly pitched into a very deep barranca, or gully, which ran across the valley and split the cliff. Its straight sides effectually stopped them.

Again the pair took a mouthful of Bourbon and lit the reflective pipe.

"There's three ways in this matter," said Hutchins, as Jake reports. "We may track the barranca down, an' that's my choice; or we may strike for the other side, crossing the water again; or we may risk that miraculous stream. It's bound to cross the ditch, I take it."

"I guess so. If it come from these hills, 'would run like Niagara rapids."

"Ay; but them beavers will have made their dam at the crossing, I should opine. 'Twould be easy to wash a man into that crack."

"That's how it strikes me, kurnal. Let's be walking!"

They followed the barranca. Opals were all forgotten by this time. It had come to a match between these wild fellows and a "drove of Ind'ans," as Jake put it. He watched, rifle in hand, whilst Hutchins cut. After two hours' heavy toil, alright across the kloof, the ground began to rise again. They had passed the water-shed; the barranca grew perceptibly more shallow. Presently they struck the channel of the stream, running parallel to it. Hutchins paused. "It's death ahead, Jake!" he muttered; and they turned back, examining each foot of the steep barranca. Nowhere was it practicable. So, at length, they reached the bordering cliff again, from which they had set out. "Up yonder we might see a something!" said Jake. Where the crevasse parted it, the rock was but twenty to twenty-five feet high; with a strong cotton-tree reared against it they reached the top.

On one hand lay a confusion of hills, one above another, interlacing and winding about. On the other stretched the kloof, probably a mile wide at this point and full of jungle. Across the barranca trees grew equally thick, but practised eyes could not be mistaken; clearings or cane-fields lay beyond a narrow belt of forest. Then the filibusters looked down. Right beneath them, masked from sight of people in the valley, an easy crossing lay, scarcely six feet from the edge of the cliff; an inch or two of rock gave foothold to reach the path. They hastily descended by their tree; hanging roots in abundance enabled them to bring rope to the top. Triumphant they stood at the head of the crossing.

But much time had been spent in these explorations, and sunset drew on. They resolved to camp on the bare cliff. As well lights a fire as not, since the Indians knew their presence. They chose a place somewhat sheltered from the bitter wind that plays at nightfall over those hills. Hutchins took first watch till midnight, and just as he rose to call Jake, a roar of water came down the valley. Jake started, listened, and took share in the silent laugh of his master.

"Them beavers have miscalculated their dam-work!" he chuckled.

"It's Nicaraguan Rangers they mistook!" Hutchins replied. "We've begun fair, Jake. Don't let's spoil the game by losing our scalps."

But the long black night passed quietly. Wailing cries arose, such as they had heard before, and they knew by this time that the wind did not cause them. But dawn appeared without incident, and the filibusters rose, shivering. They took a mouthful of Bourbon, descended to the dewy brake, and swung round the corner of the cliff.

"Kurnul!" said Jake, as he followed down the path, "I kinder think that if you commanded the rangers still, Henningsen would have you broke for want o' strategic science."

"You mean we should have crossed last night?"

"Well, kurnul, this is a made roadway, if ever there was one. It's rough an' it's old, but it's human. If them Ind'ans has broke it down on the fur side, I guess they'll have the larf of us!"

It took them but a quarter of an hour to reach the bottom and climb the other rise. All this time they were hidden under scrub bushes, and such wood-trees as papaw. Jake's suspicion proved correct. All the path had been cut away there. The banks sloped, and they found themselves face to face with a cliff as steep as that on the other side. On either hand the earth sloped down, and, to make all sure, a strong abattis had been built across the crest. It was not needful. The filibusters, aghast, recognized their case as hopeless, and after five minutes' silent contemplation, they turned about.

"We'll try the other way," muttered Hutchins, "provided, Jake, they've not cut off our retreat. Anyhow, it's one to score for the Indians!"

It was two to score. For, on regaining the other end of the causeway, they found the hanging roots all cut. Nothing that walks, save a bird or a mouse, could have passed round the cliff. The filibusters looked, and uttered only a low whistle.

"How's the larder?" asked Hutchins, immediately.

Jake reported charqui for two days' consumption, and, said he, "There's living things in this ditch, sure. What devilment d'yer guess there must be a waitin' for us up at the other end, whar' the crack shallows?"

They started at top speed to see, for the bursting of the dam last night must have injured the fortifications, if, as they supposed, it had flooded the crevasse. Heedless of slinging each other's rifles, they ran down the middle of the barranca; but the flood grew too deep for wading amongst so many obstacles as it concealed. They had to skirt it warily, for there were spots where a strong swimmer might have crossed. The banks became so low that a stout climb would have taken them out, but it was too probable that the Indians lay in force along its crest. They pressed to the main breach.

It opened on them suddenly, a slope covered with wet mud and rubbish just washed down. The water had but lately ceased flowing. Upon the top a score of naked Indians toiled feverishly at a breast-work. Two or three chiefs in glittering array hurried back and forward, their feather ornaments aglow in the broken sunlight. At sight of the filibusters all stood aghast; then, throwing up their arms, they fled. A single arrow was shot, which lodged in Jake's holster. He fired over the Indians' head as they vanished among the trees.

Cautiously Hutchins led the way up. The breastwork had been intended for defence, though it could easily be turned on both sides. But the Indians' hearts had failed them. Traces of the flood were more conspicuous on the top. It had poured down from the right with tremendous violence, washing bushes and timber into the crevasse.

"An near a thing, Jake, as either of us has come to," said Hutchins, looking down the slope. "Now, we'll skirmish into the wood, if you've picked the garrapatas from your skin."

"Strategy says, look to your rear, but you'll never larn strategy, kurnul. S'pose we was to see what's going on by the creek?"

Following the flood's course, they reached the stream, which had almost shrunk to its bed. Such signs were there as showed them that this dam was an old system of defence. Reasoned in this direction, the filibusters looked to their arms, and prepared to skirmish on. But in the shadow of the wood an Indian appeared. His head-dress of the long, green feathers, with long streamers pendant—tail-plumes of the quetzal bird; a feather collar, scarlet and blue, in neat, delicate patterns, encircled his neck; and his arms, while commerdund almost swept the earth, and they were superbly adorned with crests of hummingbird. Boldly enough he came out; but his whole body shook with fear or rage. Two more Indians, equally visible—one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a feather bag. Leaning on their rifles, the filibusters waited. At ten yards' distance the Indian stood; four others issued in a bunch from his shadow, and held them out, with significant signs.

"It's capitulation in form," said Hutchins, and signalled to open the pouch. This one of the bag did, exhibiting a heap of golden ornaments and some nondescript matters, prized apparently by these savages. Hutchins shook his head, and pointed to the opal eyes of the skull which lay behind him. The Indian seemed wild with horror at that sight, but he understood. One of the boys ran back. He was half an hour absent; and, in that interval, Hutchins established quite friendly relations with the chief. Ostentatiously leaving his gun with Jake, he approached with that universal peacemaker—a flask of spirits. At first the Indian refused; then he sipped, and then drank freely. It was Hutchins' conviction that he had tasted fire-water before. Under the friendly feelings thus produced, he exchanged his red cotton collar for a machete or wood-knife; but the boy, squatting behind him, whiskeyless, could not overcome his horror and affright.

The messenger returned with another bag, exquisitely adorned with feathers. Approaching gingerly, he poured out its contents—a heap of opals. Most of them were clear as glass, like the one Hutchins sent me, but there were others of every hue as milk, but colorless; others, full of fire, but golden—Honduras opals, in fact. A number, however, might have vied with the grandest gems that come to us from Hungary. The filibusters were dazzled. In the mass shone one big emerald, full of flaws, but three inches square. There was also a great heap of turquoises.

Hutchins quietly put back all the pebbles into the bag, laid his hand upon his heart, and pointed down the valley. The chief placed his fingers on his lips, to indicate secrecy, and the filibusters did likewise. They gave the Indian both their machetes, their flask, and a few coins for ornament; then, with deep bowings on either side, departed. After two hours' walk by the stream brought them to the head of the kloof, where their horses and baggage should have been. They had vanished, but the Indian signalled round a hill. A few minutes the boys appeared round a neighboring hillock, with the missing animals and all their traps. Evidently there was an easier exit from the Indian territory, by which these boys had passed.

Hutchins selected what things he could best spare, and gave them to the chief, who withdrew to a distance, and the filibusters mounted. Loyally they rode away, and no human being has heard that adventure, until Jake told it to me the other evening. Don't be in haste to pronounce it impossible. The wonders of Central America contain hundreds of such Indian communities, not to be approached by white men. Many of them have a quaint civilization. In Costa Rica I may mention Talamanceas and Pranzos; in Nicaragua the Woolwas, Itamas, and Guatusos; in San Salvador the Indians of the Balsam coast; in Guatemala, the Lacadones, the Petens, and a score of others—above all, the famous people of the Itsimaya.

SCIENTIFIC.

PROF. J. E. CLAYTON, who has lately made an examination of the coal fields of Wasatch county, Utah Territory, attaches considerable importance to them. The beds, which are quite extensive, are from less than three to nine feet in thickness. About one-half of the coal is pronounced coking quality. The beds are located at an altitude of about 7,750 feet above the sea level, and are not difficult of access.

A POSSIBLE NEW METAL.—Professor G. A. Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania, has announced his discovery to suspect the existence of a new metallic element in a mineral resembling schmalite, occurring at Magnet Cove, Arkansas. In an examination of this mineral he could not isolated the titanic acid, a white oxide, which differed very decidedly from the former. He is disposed in this instance as pointing most probably to the existence of a new metal in the mineral in question.

REAL SOURCE OF WEALTH.—Of copper, tin and zinc in various proportions, the two former being largely in excess of the zinc. When a metal of this nature is exposed to the air it slowly oxidizes, producing upon the surface the color known as verdigris. As this process is slow, it has become the custom to hasten the operation by a quick chemical oxidation which produces the same result. French imitation bronzes, as they are frequently called, are made of copper almost entirely, and the color of the bronzes is imitated by artificial means. Nearly all the bronze figures in the markets and fancy stores in London are made in this latter way.

EXPERIMENTS have been made at the Portsmouth dockyard with a *Lyal* which the invention of Mr. Marchant, of London, whereby steam, after having done its work in the cylinder of a steam engine, is pumped back into the boiler to be again utilized for steaming purposes. The result is stated to be considerable saving of fuel. "*Iron*" says that the so heated water was worked one day, by an ordinary condensing engine, when it was found that the consumption of fuel was but 2 lbs. per hour per horse power, against an indicated horse-power of 84.76. The next day the Marchant engine, connected with the low pressure cylinders, were used, and the consumption of coal was 1lb. pounds per hour per indicated horse-power, 84.76. The work on the steam pumps was six indicated horse-power.

IMITATION MARBLE.—Carl Boschan says that if a statue, made of plaster of paris or *papier mache*, be coated with thick, white glue or varnish, and then dusted with pulverized glass, it will have, when dry, the appearance of alabaster. If it be afterwards varnished a second time, and dusted with coarsely pulverized white glass or ruins, somewhat colored and dried, it will be a very successful imitation of Carrara marble—especially if the marble vein be represented with some delicate blue pigment. This method of preparation follows that of nature, for all ordinary marbles are of very small crystals of sulphate of lime, and Carrara marble of somewhat larger crystals of carbonate of lime, which in reflected light glistens like white sugar. This effect is obtained with perfect deception by the brilliant white glass in coarse powder.

A WONDERFUL MICROSCOPE.—An ingenious English optical instrument maker has just invented a wonderful pocket microscope, on which scientific writers are conferring much praise. The new lens consists of three lenses, the interior grooves of which are almost triangular; they are lined by transparent cement, which has a refracting index corresponding very nearly with the glass. In this way no light is lost by refraction from the surfaces of the curves. The peculiarities of this remarkable invention are that it focusses three times as far from the object under examination, as either the Stanhope or Coddington lenses. By this means scientists and others using the microscope can examine opaque objects as well as transparent ones, as the light can be conveniently allowed to fall upon them at any required angle, as the definition is exceedingly sharp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Christmas Story, by H. W. ; "Lines on Christmas Morning;" "The Pirate's Bride;" "Scenes in Monfoola;" "Tartar Emetic."

G. H. (Pittsburgh, Pa.).—It is proper to help yourself to salt from the individual salt cellar with your knife, as the salt may be required on your food. All the seasoning to the bit of meat into it before conveying it to the mouth.

The word "Edina" is accented on the second syllable; the E and I both have the long sound.

THOMAS STONE, (Henry Co., Ga.).—We shall not undertake to decide who ought to count the electoral votes. Men of the highest legal and political attainments are divided. We believe there will be a peaceful solution of the Presidential question, for we do not think that fools constitute a majority of the American people.

SARAH T. (Manchester, Md.).—We regret that your verses are not adapted for the columns of the POST, and are yet more sorry that you should have judged as it shown by the tone of your letter. It is true we do show partiality: we are partial to contributors who write plainly, spell correctly and do not violate the rules of grammar.

EDWARD LEE, (Locke, Ind.).—The heavenly bodies so far as astronomers have been enabled to ascertain, are composed for the most part of the same material as that on this world. There are indications, however, that some substances not found here, exist there. Such information is gained by means of an instrument called spectroscope.

A. L. WILLIAMS, (Ontario, Iowa.).—The number of bushels capacity of a given crib may be determined accurately as follows: Multiply together the length, breadth and height or depth of the crib in inches; divide by 2150; this will reduce it to cubic inches; divide the product by 1.25 to find the number of cubic inches in a bushel, and you have the capacity of the bin in bushels.

P. C. G., (Brookfield, Mo.).—The word Carnival is derived from the Latin *carne vale*, meaning farewell to meat. It is observed by Roman Catholics in countries immediately before Lent. In Rome and Venice it is celebrated with very great gayety. The origin of the festival is not certainly known, but it is thought to be a modification of the Saturnalia, a pagan festival at Rome before the days of Christianity.

C. L. FENNO, (Lisbon, Ind.).—The fact that the inside of the bark of the stems has not escaped the notice of inventors, and many ingenious modes of utilizing it successful, have been made to utilize it in the manufacture of textile fabrics, some were white as milk, but colorless; others, full of fire, but golden—Honduras opals, in fact. A number, however, might have vied with the grandest gems that come to us from Hungary. The filibusters were dazzled. In the mass shone one big emerald, full of flaws, but three inches square. There was also a great heap of turquoises.

Hutchins quietly put back all the pebbles into the bag, laid his hand upon his heart, and pointed down the valley. The chief placed his fingers on his lips, to indicate secrecy, and the filibusters did likewise. They gave the Indian both their machetes, their flask, and a few coins for ornament; then, with deep bowings on either side, departed. After two hours' walk by the stream brought them to the head of the kloof, where their horses and baggage should have been. They had vanished, but the Indian signalled round a hill. A few minutes the boys appeared round a neighboring hillock, with the missing animals and all their traps. Evidently there was an easier exit from the Indian territory, by which these boys had passed.

Hutchins selected what things he could best spare, and gave them to the chief, who withdrew to a distance, and the filibusters mounted. Loyally they rode away, and no human being has heard that adventure, until Jake told it to me the other evening. Don't be in haste to pronounce it impossible. The wonders of Central America contain hundreds of such Indian communities, not to be approached by white men. Many of them have a quaint civilization. In Costa Rica I may mention Talamanceas and Pranzos; in Nicaragua the Woolwas, Itamas, and Guatusos; in San Salvador the Indians of the Balsam coast; in Guatemala, the Lacadones, the Petens, and a score of others—above all, the famous people of the Itsimaya.

SCIENTIFIC.

PROF. J. E. CLAYTON, who has lately made an examination of the coal fields of Wasatch county, Utah Territory, attaches considerable importance to them. The beds, which are quite extensive, are from less than three to nine feet in thickness. About one-half of the